

You Won't Have To Hide Away

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You Won't Have To Hide Away

by [Brownie_Bear_Apocalypse](#), [StoryWarrior](#)

Summary

A year has passed. Dream has broken out of prison with the Eggpire and a Revived Wilbur by his side. Ranboo and Tubbo must run if they wish for their family to be safe.

Luckily, there is a portal that will take them to a place they will finally be safe and have the home they desire.

Notes

Welcome everyone, to the sequel to AHITP!!!! Now- if you are new to this story, you MUST read the first one. It is in the series this is connected to (Obviously) - the one called 'Protect Me From the World I Used to Know'.

Hope you guys enjoy, this will be severely plot heavy, additional tags will be added because- secrets muahahahaha (or if I'm out of space- they won't be sorry)

Have fun!

Also not every chapter will be a song title or lyrics in order to preserve my sanity of trying to find a song so- songs will mainly be kept to either if I can think of one or if it's a heavy plot or lore chapter <3 (But the chapter title for this chapter is from 'Kiss Your Dreams Goodbye' by Derivakat)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Breath In, Turn Divine (You Will All Be Mine)

“Dream’s broken out of prison.”

That...was *not* what Ranboo thought he would hear from Phil. And he wasn’t the only frightened one. Fundy and Tubbo had also both gone silent. Tubbo immediately kicked into overdrive, running to the windows of their Snowchester home and looked out before shutting and locking them.

“But- the alarms!”

“Apparently according to Sam, the Eggpire helped him. Skeppy and Ponk knocked him out, meaning he couldn’t trigger the alarm system.”

“But- why would he come here!?” Fundy snarled, immediately jumping to his feet to help Tubbo.

“Because of me.” Ranboo murmured, his tail curling anxiously. Michael looked up to his father, tilting his head. He whimpered, sensing the enderian’s anxiety, and the little toddler clambered up to his lap. When Fundy and Phil shared the same confused look, Ranboo sighed. “Apparently...Dream’s able to control me. It’s why...why Tubbo makes sure to monitor me when I go into my Enderwalk state.”

Tubbo looked down, sharing a strange look with Phil, who nodded. The ram hybrid sighed, turning to his husband. Ranboo’s eyes glittered with concern, ears going down as his tail flicked anxiously.

“We need to leave. The SMP.”

“Wh-What?” Ranboo swallowed, blinking at his husband’s sudden change in demeanor to confident and hopeful from the fright and fear he had just been conveying. “But- But we can’t leave! There’s- There’s no way out!”

“There is...Ran, there’s something I need to tell you but-...promise you won’t freak out.”

Ranboo tilted his head, but nodded. He trusted Tubbo. The ram hybrid’s ears flopped as he took a deep breath in.

“Tommy’s alive.”

Ranboo blinked.

That-...

Was not what he expected.

“He’s- what? No but-...t-the tower...-”

“He- He landed in the water...he ran and- and found this portal. He’s been living in this place called Phoenix Drop. It’s where I...I’ve been going occasionally. I’ve been seeing Tommy.” Ranboo blinked once, then twice, before holding his head in his hands.

“Ooooh nooo...this is- this is not-”

“I know this- this is a bad time but-...we’ll be safe there. They’re nice and- and know how to fight. We’ll be ok. And-...Michael will get some friends?”

“Why...Why did you not tell me?” He whispered, gaze flicking over to the potted allium in the corner nestled by the sunlight of one of their windows.

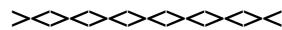
“Because Tommy didn’t want a lot of people to know. It was cos- he was afraid of Dream finding them, him. Then he did but-...he thought it was better.”

Phil looked out the window, wings ruffled.

“I’m sorry to say this Ranboo, but I don’t believe we have time for a scheduled mental breakdown right now. We need to get to the portal.”

Ranboo swallowed, looking at Tubbo, then down at their son, whose head was tilted as he looked around at everyone, giving a confused snort.

“Alright. Ok...let’s go.”



Ranboo looked back at the Snowchester home where he, his husband and their son had been living. Where Phil and Fundy would occasionally visit from their home in the same place.

He swallowed, shaking his head. The enderian gripped Tubbo's hand tightly as he and the other two led him through the SMP, running faster than they ever had before. Phil had a gentle hold on Michael as he flew ahead, his flock alongside them. He could hear their caws, almost rhythmically

M i a m i running out of time

Really dude? Now?

We gotta go gotta go gotta go gotta go

Ugh.

Ranboo couldn't help but smile as Phil told them to quiet down. His fear kept driving him forward. They ran through the arctic, and the enderian sniffed as he smelt smoke in the distance, as Tubbo pulled his arm anxiously.

They kept moving, forward and even faster before getting down a hill, through to a strange cavern-like area with spruce and oak trees. His eyes widened as he caught sight of a glittering quartz arch with a soft light blue portal.

Strangely, his unease disappeared as it appeared to whisper, almost as though it was beckoning him gently. Soft and calming.

Phil sighed, handing Michael back to Ranboo, sharing a look with Fundy. "You three be safe ok?"

"What about you?" Tubbo looked afraid, his blue eyes flashing with alarm.

"Fundy and I will stay here. People here-...things are going to start changing. If too many disappear, Dream might ask questions. Besides- we need to make sure we help the others here. We'll visit when we can, but-...that might not be for long..."

Tubbo nodded, hugging Phil tightly. "Be-" He swallowed. Tubbo was never overly emotional, but Ranboo could tell this was hard for him- "Be careful, ok?"

“We will.” Fundy smiled. “We’ll head back to your home and wait for them. Have a good life, alright?” Ranboo nodded, keeping a tight hold on their son, the toddler having now fallen asleep, his head nestled against the enderian’s chest.

Tubbo looked up at Ranboo, smiling. He took the man’s hand as they stepped through the portal. Ranboo closed his eyes, a sense of calm and familiarity washing over him as he stepped into the portal. It was strange, but warm. It felt familiar to him, and helped him relax as he remained by his husband’s side.

Tubbo has left the game.

Ranboo has left the game.

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“Slow down Tommy! If you’re on patrol you can’t be running about. You need to be careful and have your instincts on alert for anything and everything.” The familiarly calm yet stern voice of the werewolf guard called out. The raccoon hybrid grinned, rubbing the back of his neck, red and white ombre cape blowing slightly with his moving around.

“Sorry Aaron...” The teen’s tail wagged as he fell back in step beside his mentor. “I’m just excited...!”

Aaron snorted, ruffling the boy’s hair. “Rest assured, once we finish patrol we can have some fighting lessons. Patrols are just as important as fighting.”

“Got it!” Tommy chuckled, before his ears twitched, turning towards the forest. He felt a heavy *clink* of the compass against his armour. He looked down, eyes widening as the compass began spinning, before landing in the direction of the portal. “Holy shit...Tubbo!” Tommy laughed, immediately racing off through the forest, frightening his mentor.

“Wha- *TOMMY!* Oh Irene damnit kid!” Aaron couldn’t help the slightly frustrated growl from his voice as he ran after him.

The raccoon-hybrid kept running, smiling as he raced through to the portal. His smile faded however, and eyes widened instead in surprise as he caught sight of both Tubbo *and* a familiar enderian, who had his arms wrapped around a small zombie pigman child, looking to be about two years old.

“T-Tubs- Ranboo!?” Tommy ran forward, ears flat anxiously. Tubbo heaved heavily, shaking his head.

“Dream- prison- breakout- run- Eggprie-” Tubbo wheezed, doing his best to catch his breath. Tommy shared a frightened look with Aaron, who walked forward.

“We’ll take them to one of the homes in town. Come on, then I’ll alert Lord Aphmau about this.” Tommy nodded, swallowing as he grabbed one of Tubbo’s arms, slinging it over his shoulder.

As they walked back, Tommy’s gaze flickered back to the portal, ears flattening.

Whatever had happened, he was *certain* it wasn’t going to be good.



Phil sighed, his wings bristled anxiously. Fundy paced around the room before jumping, a knock echoing from the door. The avian shared a look with his grandson before standing, opening the door, and barely held the snarl from his throat.

“Bad, Skeppy, Antfrost...what are you all doing here?”

Bad wasted no time pushing Phil aside, gesturing for Skeppy and Antfrost to walk inside, pushing Fundy aside as they began tearing through the Snowchester home. He smiled, almost like a hungry lion at the avian, eyes glittering alongside the sword in his hand.

“We’re here to look for Ranboo and Tubbo. Dream’s orders.”

“Yeah well they aren’t here! So you’re wasting your time!” Fundy scoffed. Skeppy looked over at him, the diamond hybrid raising an eyebrow.

“Then why are you both here?” Fundy rolled his eyes.

“Because we came to visit them, saw they weren’t here and decided to stay. Surprise them.” Bad shrugged, the smile never leaving his face.

“Leave it for now Skeppy! Let’s bring them to the main area! Dream has a little message for them all~” Phil scoffed, pushing the anthropomorphic cat off of him as he and Fundy began walking out.

“You aren’t gonna challenge them?” Fundy whispered.

“I may be the Angel of Death Fundy...” Phil looked back slightly.

“But I’d be a fool to not see their weapons at the ready.”

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Phil stood beside Fundy, who was alongside everyone within the SMP, except for Techno. The piglin hybrid never showed his face, nor did it seem Dream really cared. The admin stood forward, his mask lifted up slightly so they could see his grin, members of the Eggspire standing beside him.

“Everyone! As you can see, I am back. It’s quite laughable that you all believed I could be kept away.” Phil rolled his eyes. He wasn’t quite keen on hearing a villain monologue from this jokester.

“But now...I’ll be ruling this server like I *should* have been. Say goodbye to your precious countries and places away. You will be *HERE*, under *MY* control!” Phil’s eyes widened immediately with the uproar. Sapnap stepped forward, the blaze hybrid’s eyes glaring in anger.

“Are you serious Dream!? You- You’re insane!”

Dream looked down at his old friend, tilting his head as he laughed. “No no...only *half* insane old friend.”

Phil swallowed, forcing himself to look aside. Looking over, he saw Puffy. The sheep hybrid was standing beside her other son, clinging to Foolish with a look of pain and confusion in her eyes. As though she didn’t understand where she had gone wrong with her child. He felt a pang of understanding. After all, he felt the same when he thought of Wilbur and Techno, and the way he had failed them throughout their childhood.

“And what if we don’t want to huh!?” Quackity shouted, glaring from all the way over the other side, as far from Sapnap as possible (*if only Karl were here for them*, the avian

pondered gently yet sadly).

They all tensed as another voice chimed in.

“Then we persuade you in other ways *Big Q* . . .” Phil’s eyes widened as Fundy stumbled back, gripping his grandfather’s arm. Looking up, he swallowed.

“Oh XD no . . .” Phil murmured, staring up at the crazed eyes of his middle son.

Wilbur stood beside Dream, smiling brightly. The once cheerful ghost was gone, replaced with a mad man; his messy brown hair now adorning a white streak. His glasses were broken in one lens, and he wore an old dusty brown jacket with fingerless clothes, covered in ash and soot he recognised from the ashes of his unfinished symphony.

“G-Grandfather . . .” Fundy whispered, swallowing. Phil stood; instead of feeling the warmth and relief he thought he would, he felt nothing but a cold despair and *rage*. The memories of Tommy telling him it had been Wilbur that made him believe he was alone and unwanted.

His Wilbur had never existed. And he never would exist. Especially not now.

Dream laughed, tilting his head. “Do you all agree!?”

The area was silent, and Dream smiled. “Good. Then you’re dismissed. You have three days to pack your things and come back here...there will be places built and set up that you can change and decorate to your desire. Goodbye for now.” He jumped down from the podium, only to turn back.

“Oh, and I have eyes everywhere, so don’t go thinking you can hide from me . . .”

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“This is *bullshit!*” Fundy snarled, tail flicking anxiously. Phil sighed, grabbing some of his things.

“I know. But at least Tubbo and Ranboo are alright. At least their family is alright.”

“We aren’t going to fight!?”

Phil chuckled, sitting down, grabbing some paper and pen, immediately starting to write. Fundy watched as his grandfather wrote letter after letter, tying them with a bow and stamping them with an Eye of Ender, handing them to each of his murder as they flew off as he gave a name.

Foolish. Puffy. Sapnap. Eret. Quackity. Sam. Niki. George.

Again and again he wrote letter after letter. Fundy tilted his head.

“What- What are you doing?”

“We won’t be letting Dream win. We need a hidden world. A rebellion.” Phil hugged his grandson tightly, walking to the window.

“We need a Syndicate.”

The Most Peaceful Place I've Ever Been To (It's Nothing Like I've Ever Seen Before)

Chapter Summary

After running for what seems like so long, Ranboo finally has a chance to feel safe, alongside those he cares about.

[Chapter Title from 'Welcome' by Phil Collins]

Chapter Notes

Chapter two is here~

I apologise for how long this took. I have been doing my end of year exams for my FINAL YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL!!! I have one more soon and then I will be able to put all my stuff into getting back my mental stability and writing this book. Hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo looked about as he winced, eyes opening slightly. They widened, not recognising the area around him. The sun was beaming in through some curtains, and the bed was warm and-surprisingly different to the ones he was used to.

He sat up, tail flicking and blinked as he saw the person standing by the door. Tommy grinned, tail flicking slightly. "Hey Boo..."

Ranboo blinked. "So...Tubbo wasn't kidding. You- You're alive."

"Yeah. Look I'm sorry for not letting them tell you, I just-" Ranboo cut the raccoon-hybrid off as he stood, hugging the teen tightly, tail flicking happily.

"I'm glad you're alive. And- happy." And he wasn't lying. As the enderian let his friend go, he could see how different the boy was (and Ranboo didn't just mean the fact that like Tubbo and himself the hybrid was now 18 unlike his 16-year-old self Ran had met).

He still seemed loud and tall, but he didn't seem to have what people would call an 'arrogant air' (even though Ranboo never saw it as arrogance - to him it was always the way a child

would act). His eyes were a bright and vibrant electric blue, seeming to shimmer and spark with some sort of energy. His hair was the same scruffy and curly blonde he was used to, but it seemed longer, the smallest ponytail behind him.

There was a long winged creature around his shoulders that looked almost cat-like, but had soft wings. Ran would just have to ask later.

“I missed you Tommy...” Tommy rolled his eyes, though the enderian could see the affectionate smile on the hybrid’s face.

“Yeah yeah, I missed you too. Geez, you became such a pussy...”

Ranboo snorted, letting out a laugh. He missed Tommy. His eyes widened. “Wait- where’s Tubbo and- and our son?”

“Tubbo’s with my moms upstairs, along with that toddler. Said his name was Michael.” He scoffed, folding his arms. “Trust you to become a housewife.”

Ranboo chuckled, looking aside. “Did...he tell you what happened?” Tommy’s eyes darkened, his tail slowing in its pace.

“Y-...Yeah. Do- Do ya really think dad and Fundy will be okay?”

“I mean- from what I know about Phil, I think he’ll be fine. He’s smart.” Ranboo smiled slightly, before the rest of Tommy’s sentence about Tubbo hit him. “Wait- moms?”

“Oh- yeah...come on!” Tommy grinned, walking out of the spare room and walking upstairs. Ranboo’s head tilted to the side as he kept walking up, following behind the teen.

Upon entering into the living room, he smiled seeing Tubbo with a sleeping Michael on his lap, and blinked, noticing a tall woman with blonde hair and pointed ears and a shorter woman with long black hair, her caramel eyes shining warmly.

Tommy grinned, tail flicking excitedly. “Ranboo these are my other moms, Aphmau and Zoey.”

The one Tommy called Aphmau smiled gently. “It’s nice to meet you...Tubbo’s been telling us about what happened. Rest assured, you all will be safe here.” Ranboo seemed to calm down.

It was strange. He wasn’t used to feeling so calm in a place. What was even better was that he could no longer feel that dark presence in the back of his mind that he knew was that masked psycho waiting for when the enderian would be useful again.

It was a pleasant feeling. The ram hybrid sitting down looked up at the other teen, smiling slightly. The other woman smiled softly, her pointed ears moving slightly. “Tommy can show you around and introduce you to everyone if you like.”

“Uh- I-I don’t...” Ranboo looked aside to his husband, as Tubbo rolled his eyes.

“I’ll be *fine*, Ran. So will Michael. Sides, I already know everyone here.”

Tommy laughed, punching the enderian’s arm slightly. “Come on!” He wasted no time grabbing the teen by the arm and started to walk out of the house, paying no attention to Ranboo’s confused protests.

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Ranboo looked about as he walked beside the hybrid, eyes glistening as he looked at all the people and the new sights and smells. He wouldn’t lie- it was nice here.

It felt nice. While exploring, some people had looked confused at what he was, Tommy had quickly explained that endermen didn’t really live around here, nor did any of the other monsters they were used to roaming around the SMP once the sun went down.

“It’s- nice Tommy...” Though to the enderian, *nice* was an understatement. It was peaceful. He never knew a place like this could exist, and feel so welcoming and free.

The raccoon-hybrid grinned, his tail wagging. “I know right!? It’s *awesome* big man! They’re all so great!” He laughed, and Ranboo couldn’t help but soften at the look of how free and *happy* the teen looked.

It was nice to see the boy so calm and enjoying life. His ears rose as he heard two voices that sounded young, and followed Tommy’s gaze to two young boys, one with blonde hair that looked about 5, and a brunette boy who looked 9.

He snorted. They looked a lot like Tommy and Tubbo. The blonde child was beaming as Tommy ran to meet them.

“Tommy!” The boy let out a quiet ‘oomph’ as he landed against his brother, looking up. “I beat Alexis in hide and seek! She couldn’t find me!”

“No way? Good job big man...!” Tommy chuckled as he ruffled Levin’s hair. Ranboo let out a quiet laugh as the brunette looked up, his eyes sparkling with curiosity.

The raccoon-hybrid looked back and grinned. “Oh- Malachi, Levin, this is Ranboo. He’s an old friend. Ranboo, these are my little brothers, Levin and Malachi.”

Ranboo blinked. “Little- Little brothers?”

“Yeah.” Tommy smiled, before turning to his supposed brothers. “He’s the enderian I mentioned in stories.” Tommy whispered to them, both of their eyes flashing with recognition.

“It’s- nice to meet you both...” Ranboo smiled slightly. Malachi and Levin beamed, and Malachi tugged his pant leg.

“Does this mean Ranboo will be staying with us?”

Tommy chuckled. “He and Tubbo with their son will be for now, but mom will make sure they have a place so it doesn’t get too crowded.”

“New friend!” Levin squealed with delight, and Tommy chuckled.

“Yeah big man, but you gotta be careful. He’s a lot smaller than you. Like Kyle is. But even smaller.” Levin’s eyes widened with curiosity and nodded, smiling.

“Ok!”

Tommy grinned, ruffling his hair. “Will you two be alright to get home?” Malachi nodded, holding Levin’s hand. They both hugged their brother quickly before waving to Ranboo, running further off.

Ranboo chuckled as he continued to follow Tommy, tail flicking as he kept looking around, before the hybrid immediately grabbed his arm.

“Oh shit- you gotta meet Kawaii~Chan!”

“Wh-Who?”

“Kawaii~Chan! She’s a baker here! She’s actually been teaching me to bake.”

“Oh sweet XD help us all.”

“Wha- fuck you bitch!” Tommy laughed, punching the enderian playfully in the arm. “I’ll have you know I only caused a fire *once!*”

“That’s- still one time too many Tommy.”

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Ranboo looked up at the building. From the person's name, he didn't know what he was expecting.

But an entirely pink and white house was... *not* what he was expecting. It was large, and from the windows he could see it looked like a bakery, with a downstairs area. Tommy grinned and opened the door, tail wagging.

"Kawaii~Chan?! Are you here?" The enderian sniffed, the scent of flour and sweets was rather overwhelming, but it reminded him of Niki's bakery. It comforted him.

"Kawaii~Chan will be there in a moment, Tommy~Kun!"

Ranboo blinked, looking to his friend for an explanation. Tommy chuckled, tail flicking.

"It's how she talks."

"Oh."

Sure enough, after a couple moments, a pink-haired woman with cat ears and tail came up the stairs holding a plate of cookies she placed on the counter. Her yellow eyes shone happily, before widening at surprise at Ranboo. Tommy grinned, pulling the teen down so he could wrap an arm around him.

"This is Ranboo! He and Tubbo have gotta stay here now..." Kawaii~Chan tilted her head, and smiled as she walked over.

It was confusing. Despite this being a stranger, he felt surprisingly comforted and safe. Of course, Tommy was right beside him, and nothing seemed to be dangerous here, so of course he felt safe.

"It's nice to meet you!" The cat-girl's tail flicked as she smiled. "Kawaii~Chan hasn't seen someone like you before! If you don't mind Kawaii~Chan asking, what are you?" Her voice was calm and strangely curious.

"Uh- an Enderian." The baker looked confused at Ranboo's response, but she smiled gently. Tommy grinned, laughing slightly.

“Well he’s *half* Enderian!”

Kawaii~Chan tilted her head. Ranboo sighed, shaking his head, rolling his eyes.

“Yeah I’m- half. But I don’t exactly know what my other half is...at this point I don’t think I will. Even if I do find out I doubt I’ll remember. I’ve always had memory problems. Can’t even remember any parents. If they were ever around that is...”

The woman tilted her head, eyes seeming to shine strangely as she smiled. Tommy snorted, rolling his eyes.

“Oh please, you’ll figure it out!” Tommy grinned, his tail wagging. “Now come on! I gotta introduce you to Yip!” Tommy laughed, pulling the enderian by the arm out.

Ranboo winced as his head hit the top of the doorway, shaking his head as he looked back, the woman smiling softly. “Uh- nice to meet you!”

“It was nice to meet you too...!” Kawaii~Chan laughed softly as she went back to fixing everything up. Ranboo sighed as he kept being dragged about by Tommy.

He enjoyed it all. The sights and feelings. It felt comfortable, it felt warm. And most of all...it felt *safe* .

It felt like home.

Chapter End Notes

Malachi may be my shy boi but I will be damned if he doesn't find Ranboo the most fascinating thing ever XD

I will say, unlike AHITP, this fic is more plot-based and will not revolve around moreso 'healing' like it did for Tommy, meaning that while there will be fluff, Ran and Tubs will come to conclusions a LOT quicker about this place than Tommy did, quite obviously. This is because this isn't a new place anymore (well for some). Tubbo has already met these people, knows them and feels comfortable and safe around em and Ranboo- all he wants is a safe place, and we have some stuff for that little guy~

See you all next time!

You Thought The Lions Were Bad (Well They Tried to Kill My Brothers)

Chapter Summary

Tubbo reflects on his family's new life, and will not let anything threaten anything again.

[Chapter Title from Daniel in the Den by Bastille]

Chapter Notes

So...how's everyone feeling with the new lore? *sobs*

Don't worry, everything's fine. Nothing bad is happening here. Everything is fine with this precious AU. I will keep it safe.

Also! Updates should be better now since I HAVE FINISHED MY SCHOOL EXAMS!!! I have more time to focus on writing right now, so hope you guys enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo sighed, looking down at the sleeping toddler in his arms, before Michael started stirring. He was sitting on the couch while Ranboo was asleep in one of their spare rooms downstairs, and Tommy was out in a witchcraft lesson.

As the toddler rubbed his eyes, Zoey smiled, putting down a plate for the two of them. Tubbo smiled tiredly in a thankful yet silent response.

“So, you’re alright?”

“Yeah.” Tubbo sighed. “It just- just scared us. This was the only place we could go.” Aphmau smiled.

“It’s alright. You and your family are welcome here. That includes if-” The woman looked aside- “if you *want* to stay.” Tubbo’s eyes widened slightly. The ‘if you don’t want to go back’ wasn’t said, but he knew it was implied. It had always been implied.

He knew he'd grown out of wishing he had a parent. He'd done well on his own (if he didn't focus on his multiple shortcomings, and his nightmare of seeing his father in the mirror after exiling Tommy), and in a way, he saw them the same way he did Phil; not as a parent, but as someone important in his best friend's life that he *knew* he could trust, no matter what.

"Thanks." Tubbo smiled slightly, eyes softening as Michael properly woke up, squealing as he could smell the food, immediately digging in. The ram hybrid jumped and sighed, nudging the boy's cheek. "Oy- careful bud."

Aphmau chuckled softly, smiling gently. Tubbo's ears twitched as he saw Tommy come back, the raccoon-hybrid grinning. The ends of his hair were slightly singed, and *Clementine* had her claws dug into his shoulder, and Zoey rolled her eyes.

"Were you careful?"

"Well- 'Cinda said I was ready to learn more intense spells.'" Tommy shuffled on his feet. "I tried to summon a lightning storm." Zoey's eyes widened as she sighed.

"Irene damnit Tommy! You need to be careful when conjuring a storm from nothing!"

"I know...there's now a singed area a bit further away from the town...no one was hurt! And something *did* show up! I just- couldn't control it." Zoey sighed, her ears down.

"Just- be careful *please*."

Tommy smiled sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck. Tubbo rolled his eyes, warmth nestling in his chest. For as mature as Tommy seemed nowadays, it comforted him to know that his old, impulsive and loud friend was still there, even after a whole year.

Regardless of how careful he seemed to be now, that reckless best friend of Tubbo's was still there. Aphmau chuckled, ruffling the teen's hair before she walked off. Tommy looked aside to Tubbo, tail flicking.

"How's Ran?"

"Still asleep."

Tommy nodded, looking aside. He sighed shakily, sitting down. Zoey tilted her head, before standing, seeming to understand that the two young adults had to speak to themselves. Tommy sighed shakily, *Clementine* hopping down to his lap and curling up purring, the hybrid petting her fur gently.

“So...Dream. He’s- really out?”

“Yeah. Apparently he must’ve had a deal with the Eggpire. Cos they helped.” Tommy nodded, then paled.

“He has his revive book. He...He could have brought back Wilbur.”

“Tommy- I doubt that could have happened.”

“Couldn’t it!? Ghostbur’s around, and with those bitches he doesn’t stand a chance!” Tommy’s hands shook as he gripped his hair, whimpering quietly. “No no no no-”

Tubbo tensed, and carefully set Michael aside as he moved his hand to Tommy’s arm. “Trust me big man, we’re fine here.” The ram hybrid was tense as he did his best to help calm his friend. Of course he remembered Wilbur; he’d tried to turn both Tommy and Tubbo against each other. He’d tormented and tortured Tommy, and according to both the teen and Phil, had done so ever since he was a child.

Tubbo was thankful for Ghostbur, a kind and gentle soul of a man that never seemed to exist. It meant it had been easier to protect Tommy.

But then there was apparently Dream. After Dream had been put in the prison Tubbo had found Tommy’s discs. The ram hybrid mentally kicked himself at forgetting those still in one of his chests. Maybe Phil would find them and bring them here, and Tubbo could finally give Tommy what he had always loved.

Tommy smiled weakly, and looked up as Zoey placed a hand on his shoulder, eyes sad yet warm, identifying the fact that she clearly heard at the very least the end of their conversation.

“Regardless, our town is fortified...and that ‘Dream’ will never be able to get through again. I may not have been as strong with nature magicks as other elves, but I was able to do enough to make sure the forest will recognise him, and never let him find the town again if he enters through that portal.”

Tommy sighed in relief, nodding. He ran a hand through his hair, grinning. “Right- Right...” The boy huffed, getting up and walking downstairs to where Ranboo was resting. Tubbo sighed, a hand carding through his son’s hair.

And within a couple of moments, Tubbo fell asleep himself.



Tubbo jolted awake, panting quietly. He huffed, holding his head in his hands. In the spare room they were using for now, Ranboo was still fast asleep, the enderian purring slightly as he kept a hold on Michael, nice and cozy in between the two husbands.

He ran a hand through his hair, looking back at the two of them.

He needed air.

The ram hybrid moved carefully so he didn't disturb his sleeping family, grabbing his coat and shoving it on as he slipped upstairs and outside the house. No one else was woken up, which he was thankful for. Tubbo sighed, continuing to walk through the now quiet streets of the town.

He knew Phil and Fundy could hold their own, and so many others there could hold their own as well. But there were still some he was worried about (his thoughts specifically drifting towards a duck hybrid who had once helped try and protect him from his alcoholic of a father), and really, was it fair for him to be happy with his family while those he knew and some he was friends with were being ruled over by an insane masked tyrant?

And even though Dream couldn't get through, what was to stop him from showing the portal to Bad, or Skeppy, or Ponk, or even a revived *Wilbur*?

It unnerved him. That the one place he thought would be safe could end up- *not* being safe. And he didn't have any of his projects that he had tested in far off areas of the SMP beforehand. Hell, he didn't even know if he *could* make anything that could keep them safe this time!

He couldn't let anything happen again. He couldn't let one of them hurt his best friend, his son or his husband again.

He couldn't afford to be meek again. He couldn't.

“What are you doing up at this time?” The ram hybrid jolted, turning around to come face to face with a familiar black-haired werewolf. Aaron raised an eyebrow, his broadsword in one hand and a lantern in the other as he looked at the teen. “You should be asleep...”

Tubbo looked aside, scoffing. It was no secret how much Tommy looked up to the man. It was similar to how Tubbo remembered his friend looking up to his piglin hybrid of a brother.

And well, the way Aaron was sometimes, strong and impressionable, especially on the raccoon-hybrid, after how they had suffered at his hands?

Forgive Tubbo if he was a little suspicious. He folded his arms, huffing.

“What about you?”

“I’m on patrol. How are you and the other doing...? Tommy said his name was Ranboo. I saw Tommy showing him around earlier today.”

“He’s...fine.” Tubbo looked straight at him, despite their clear change of height.

Aaron nodded, his ears flat. “You don’t trust me. Do you?” Tubbo looked aside, ears going down slightly. Aaron sighed. “I’m aware that just like Tommy you’ve been through horrible, awful things. I don’t know *why* you don’t trust me, but-”

“Techno.” Tubbo hissed out the name, and was taken aback as he saw Aaron bear his teeth to nothing in particular, his hand clenching around the sword’s hilt. Then the hybrid remembered Tommy telling him about how the hybrid had found his way here, earning nasty bruises courtesy of Tommy’s witchcraft.

It made the hybrid soften. If only a little.

“He hurt us. He hurt Tommy during his and Wilbur’s exile, then at the Red Festival-” Tubbo swallowed down the bitter memories and bangs of fireworks- “and then my own country during Doomsday. The *ONE* thing I still had of Tommy that was still standing.” The ‘before I knew he was alive’ was unspoken but known. Aaron’s head tilted to the side a little, so the hybrid huffed and continued.

“He looked up to Techno. Tommy thought he was a brave and honourable warrior, the Blood God’s champion, her ‘chosen one’. He admires you in the same way. I just want to-”

“-protect him.” Tubbo looked up at the werewolf. Aaron sighed. “Before that- monster showed up, Tommy helped me make peace with the loss of my family. I *know* what it’s like to have everything taken away by someone.” Aaron’s eyes were sharp, but instead of anger Tubbo was unfortunately used to from many, it was determined and protective. “I promised myself I would protect him. He is my apprentice, and my family. I would not hurt him. But I understand how you want to protect him.”

Tubbo looked aside a little. He couldn't lie, the werewolf seemed genuine. But Tubbo couldn't let his guard down again. Not after everyone who had tried, succeeded and almost succeeded in killing those close to him. And yet...with those here, maybe he could afford to let himself relax and enjoy the safety of his family.

Aaron seemed to smile warmly. "Just-...make sure you aren't out too late. Be careful." Tubbo stood there as the guard walked off. He supposed he could trust those here. After all, Tommy looked better than he had in- years. And they certainly knew how to protect people, and since he and Ran were basically the hybrid's family, by extension they were people of the town.

No one could hurt them again.

Hopefully.

But if even one thing happened, rest assured, he wouldn't rest until they were taken care of, the laws of this strange place be damned.

He wouldn't let anyone he loved be hurt ever again.

Chapter End Notes

Tubbo is very easy to write to me and that frightens me XD - what the heck is my brain trying to tell me?

But- don't worry! In a little bit there will be some fluff and lore bits, but the main action may be slightly closed. Think of this series like a tv series. Each chapter is an episode. There's gonna be filler episodes mixed in with a lot of lore. But with the amount we have planned Brownie and I have a feeling this'll be longer than AHITP. At some point I'll write a one-shot book for it!

Enjoy everyone!~ See you next time!

Bench Trio? Bench Trio.

Chapter Summary

Time for some teens to let loose and be children.

[Chapter Title is not from any song]

Chapter Notes

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF 2022 IS HERE!!!! I apologise for this taking so long I didn't mean to take a hiatus it just happened. But this is back in swing! And I have up to chapter 8 all planned out so yeah! Enjoy!!!!

Also guys I have realised I did a fuck up in chapter 3- because the final disc war never happened- Tommy would not know about the revival book so let's say in this thing during the whole nether/its not your time to die yet tommy' let's say for a moment in this fic series Tommy fought back and Dream simply showed him the book and said 'this will make sure you never get to leave me' and said it was a revival book so- yeah. Let's ignore that little boo boo thanks to a writer whose first dsmp stream she ever watched was the wilbur revival XD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy groaned quietly as a soft feeling pushed on his face. The hybrid groaned as he opened his eyes, the smallest glimpse of sunrise noticeable outside his window. His fae companion stood gently on his chest, *Clementine*'s paw on his face gently.

Tommy yawned, shaking his head. "What is it girl?" *Clementine* stared straight at him before flying to his guard uniform on the stand in the corner of his room. It was then the raccoon hybrid sighed.

"Right. Dawn patrol. I'm starting to regret choosing to be a guard as well as a warlock..." He half-joked, getting up and fixing on his armour before heading out quietly. Like usual, he peeked open the door to Levin and Malachi's room, checking on them carefully before slipping downstairs, the sight of his werewolf mentor down the bottom of the steps leading down the hill to the town.

Aaron chuckled as he looked aside, tail flicking slightly. “You’ll get used to it Toms.” Tommy yawned, huffing.

“I hate it.”

“So did I. Trust me...so did I.” Aaron laughed, ruffling the boy’s hair, before starting their patrol. “How are your friends doing...?”

Tommy looked aside. Yesterday, while he had taken Ranboo out to see his home and meet his friends and family, Tubbo had remained inside, filling Zoey and Aphmau in on what was supposedly happening back in the SMP.

Tommy couldn’t lie, he was worried. Tubbo may not be that emotional unless he couldn’t hold it any longer, but the hybrid could tell his friend was shaken and frightened.

And even though he knew Dream was kept away, if he was truly with the Eggipire, then what was to stop Bad from getting through? Or Ant? Or- literally anyone else the Egg had under its grip?

The hybrid jumped as Aaron placed a hand on his shoulder, smiling softly. “It’ll be alright kid. Trust me. But you should use *some* of that fear. It’ll make you more alert. But don’t let it rule over you.”

“Have enough fear to use it as a push, not a crutch.” Tommy murmured, biting down a yawn. Aaron smiled softly, nodding.

“Exactly. Now come on, Brian and Garroth are waiting for our patrol. Then you can show me how your swordwork is coming along.”

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Ranboo huffed as he felt something lightly smack his face. He frowned, eyes opening slightly, and chuckled as he caught sight of Michael sitting on his chest, snorting softly as he gently smacked the enderian’s face. Ranboo chuckled, reaching up a hand to ruffle his son’s hair, earning a coo from the toddler.

“Waking me up huh bud?” Ranboo smiled, sitting up. Tubbo wasn’t there, but he could smell something upstairs. Picking Michael up, Ranboo started to walk upstairs.

Tubbo’s head turned from where he was sitting down, chatting with Zoey. He smiled over at his husband. “Morning bossman.”

Ranboo smiled, letting out a happy chirping warble as he nudged Tubbo, their son squealing excitedly as the scent of a warm cooked breakfast wafted to him, starting to move his hands out. Levin and Malachi were sitting as well, and the enderian could see Levin's bright blue eyes glistening with curiosity at Michael, before he seemed to nod to himself, mumbling the same words Tommy had told him and his brother when Ranboo had first met them.

Speaking of, the teen looked around, with no sight of the familiar blonde.

“Where’s Tommy?”

Aphmau smiled, the ravenette grabbing what looked like an old seat that most likely was used for when her children were toddlers, setting it up for Ranboo to put Michael in beside his other father. “He was on dawn patrol with Aaron. He should be back soon. He never misses breakfast, even if he’s on patrol.” The lord smiled, planting a kiss on Zoey’s head. “Not when it’s his mother’s cooking.”

Almost as if they had been talking about the devil himself, the guard-in-training pushed open the door, yawning. His eyes were slightly tired, tail flicking slowly. Levin’s eyes lit up at his brother’s entrance, running over, earning a quiet ‘oomph’ from Tommy.

He yawned, ruffling his hair, before Aphmau coaxed the five-year-old gently back to the table. Zoey smiled, ruffling Tommy’s hair. “Welcome back Tommy.”

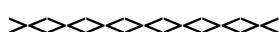
Tubbo grinned. “How was *responsibility* bossman?”

Tommy scoffed, pushing his friend playfully. “Why you little sh-”

“-Language Tommy.” Aphmau chuckled. “There are children present. Sit down and eat. You too Ranboo.” Ranboo blinked, only now realising that he was still standing, relishing in the warm domestic feeling that surrounded the home. It was nice, and reminded him of the days when Phil and Fundy were over as well, a healing family, taking in the warm moments they had.

His ears went down, tail curling tightly as he sat down, eating the breakfast put out in front of them.

He hoped they were okay.



Tubbo smiled a little as he watched Michael play with Levin and Malachi in their playground by their house. The toddler squealed with delight as he chased them around, stumbling a little as his little tail wiggled excitedly.

Tubbo looked aside to the town, before back at Ranboo. The enderian turned to him, looking at him the best that he could, which wasn't very much, thanks to the ender half of his lineage. He tilted his head, sensing something other than the calm the ram hybrid had been feeling in the moment.

“What is it?”

Tubbo sighed, looking back at Phoenix Drop, remembering how excited he had been when he was reunited with Tommy. When he looked around the town and saw *why* Tommy loved it, why Tommy felt *safe*.

He wanted to feel that again.

“Well...why don't you show me what you liked when Tommy showed you around? We can even find him.” Tubbo smiled as Ranboo's eyes seemed to glisten with excitement, before looking aside.

“What about Michael?”

“Michael will be fine here.” Zoey smiled, walking out. “Aphmau may be in the town doing her lord duties, but I'm here. Besides, Emma and Molly will be here with Levin's friends soon. So there will be three mothers looking after them.”

Tubbo smiled gratefully at Zoey, and for a few moments, let his old self from when he first came here shine through, as he grabbed Ranboo's hand and pulled him down the path to the town, relishing in the barking laughter that came from him.

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“Careful Tommy!” Aaron called, as the raccoon-hybrid growled, sword clanging against the sharpness of Garroth's, whose blue eyes glared at him competitively. “Light on your feet! Don't just rely on brute strength!”

“I’m trying dickhead!” Tommy shouted, leaping back in the air to avoid Garroth’s strike. Looking for an opening, he slid under the blonde’s outstretched arm and kicked at his back before getting up, disarming the man before aiming his sword at his throat.

Garroth moved his arms up in surrender as the guards jeered, and Tommy smiled. Aaron’s ears twitched, his arms folded.

“That was good. You’re learning. But I want you to learn more to be light. Not every fight can be won. Some you need to escape. Or feign an escape.”

Tommy sighed, stretching his arms as he put the sword back in its sheath, simple yet carefully woven with his initials, able to hide its glamour and strength. People could easily underestimate it as much as they would him (that is if he ever got into a fight).

“Yeah I got it...”

“Do you?” Aaron snorted, sighing softly as he put a hand on the boy’s shoulder. “You need to be ready to not win every fight.”

“I know.” Tommy sighed. And boy did he know. He didn’t *want* to lose any fight. Not when it came to protecting this new family of his. Not when it came to protecting his friends.

He’d already failed at that enough.

“Go and rest. Have fun. You can come back for some guard training later tonight before you head back to have your dinner.” Tommy smiled, his ears rising as he leapt over the fence of the training area. His ears twitched as he noticed his two friends walking forward, brightening up as he saw a grin on Tubbo’s face.

“What do you two pussies want?” He smirked, however the quick flicking of his tail betrayed him by revealing how excited he was. Tubbo scoffed, rolling his eyes.

“What? I wanted to see a guard put you on your ass but I guess we’re both disappointed.” Tommy gawked at the ram hybrid, letting out a laugh.

“You little shit!” Tommy grinned, relaxing on his heels. Tubbo smiled slightly, and the raccoon hybrid took in the warm feeling of seeing a proper smile on his friend’s face.

“No but seriously, if you aren’t busy, what’s new!? Oh- how’s Yip?”

Ranboo tilted his head. “Who’s Yip?”

Tommy and Tubbo shared an ecstatic grin as they each grabbed one of Ranboo's hands and began to drag him through the town.

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Ranboo smiled as he watched Tubbo and Tommy race ahead excitedly, laughing and narrowly dodging people in their way. He was glad that his husband still had the playful streak in him, and that the whole 'running away from the only home we've really managed to build' thing hadn't destroyed any of that.

He watched as the hybrids had introduced him to a guard with werewolf ears who had been standing beside a taller boy with brown hair.

He'd also watched as the werewolf had beamed upon his introduction and watched as the other guard (who Tommy had introduced as Brian) paled in absolute terror.

(Of course, after half an hour of chasing the three around with him, he understood why the guard had looked so frightened. Their chaos had now tripled).

But now, here he was, following them into the forest on accounts that Tommy 'had someone he wanted them to meet'.

"Here!" Tommy grinned, and the enderian's eyes widened as he looked up at the house, with glittering platforms leading over to it. "This is where 'Cinda lives! She's fucking awesome!'"

"And- she teaches you spells?" Ranboo's head was tilted to the side as he carefully leapt over the platforms with them, marvelling at how quickly and proficient Tommy was, and how careful yet clean Tubbo was, meanwhile his jumps were lanky and awkward, and had him sliding a little like a cat across ice.

"Witchcraft! And yeah! I'm getting pretty good at it."

"You came back with singed hair."

"That doesn't mean shit!" Tommy retorted, poking his tongue out as he opened the door.
"Lucinda!? I got friends I want you to meet!"

Ranboo tilted his head (which he briefly hit on the doorway upon entering), eyes widening as an orange-haired woman walked down the stairs, crimson eyes smiling as she saw them, before they glittered in curiosity when she met Ranboo's eyes.

"Lucinda! This is Ranboo! He's a big pussy but he means well I guess."

"It- It's nice to meet you." Ranboo smiled a little, putting Tommy's (endearing?) comment out of his thoughts. Lucinda tilted her head, smiling a little.

"Likewise. What are you, if you don't mind me asking?"

"Uh- I'm an Enderian. Enderman hybrid."

"And?"

Ranboo blinked as Lucinda looked at him expectantly. His tail flicked anxiously. "A-And what?"

"And what else?" Lucinda's head tilted slightly to the side as she smiled at him. "I can sense a lot of magicks in your being. Your soul."

"Magicks?" Now it was Tubbo's turn to speak up. Ranboo watched as Tommy grinned, about to start explaining before Lucinda put a hand on his shoulder.

"Magicks. There's witchcraft here and magicks. Witchcraft are for witches and warlocks like myself and Tommy, either you are born with it or created via becoming a witch's apprentice. Witchcraft also allows us to learn from any category of magicks, but not all powers.'

'Meanwhile, magicks you can only be born with. And you can only be born with one, but they are extremely powerful. For example, Zoey, Tommy's mother, has barrier magicks which is metaphysical earthly magick. And Kawaii~Chan has animation magicks which is alchemic supernatural.'

Tubbo blinked. "Huh. Pog."

"So-" Lucinda turned back to Ranboo- "what's your magicks?"

Ranboo blinked slowly, and walked outside. As the rest of them followed, he bent down, picking up some dirt. Lucinda's eyes widened as she stared at the solid block of dirt. No specks fell from it as he grabbed it, and the place he grabbed it from was entirely clean. Ranboo smiled as he put it back down.

“I can grab solid blocks. They’re always just square for some reason.”

“Remarkable...and that’s all?”

“He can also teleport!” Tubbo grinned. “Watch!” Ranboo tensed as Tubbo ran after a chicken nearby, plucking a feather (the chicken of which squawked and pecked at him in annoyance) before wiggling it under Ranboo’s nose.

Ranboo tensed as he sneezed, and upon looking back up, he was at least 10 feet away from them. He walked back to them, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly. “I don’t have control over it...”

“Remarkable.” Lucinda smiled, tilting her head. “Well it’s nice to meet you...Ranboo. Tommy told me all about you when he came for his lesson yesterday.” Ranboo smiled, though he frowned as he saw the strange knowing glint in her eyes.

As though she knew something he didn’t.

The enderian shook his head as he followed Tommy and Tubbo back inside, watching excitedly as the raccoon hybrid had one of his lessons, marveling at how strong and capable Tommy seemed now.

But most importantly, his eyes shone as he saw how *happy* he was. Ranboo wasn’t sure he’d ever get over seeing such a bright spark in his eyes, and something else stirred in him. A desire to protect.

He would make sure that spark *never* faded from his friend’s eyes again.

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Tubbo laughed as he pushed open the door, Tommy and Ranboo walking in as well (Ranboo once again giving a soft ‘ow’ as he hit the doorframe with his head). The sun had almost gone down by now, and he was taken aback by the smell of dinner waiting for them.

Zoey looked up, smiling brightly. “Have fun? Michael’s already had his dinner with Levin and Malachi, he’s with them in their room playing.”

“He’s- having fun?”

“Mhm...I haven’t seen Levin look so happy. Or Malachi.”

Tubbo seemed to relax, smiling a little. He was glad that Michael was so happy. It made it worth it. Aphmau chuckled, gesturing to the table.

“Now all of you, come on and eat.”

Tubbo grinned as he sat down with the rest of them, watching as Tommy spoke excitedly about everything they did; running about stealing shit with Yip, showing Ranboo and Tubbo their hideout, baking with Kawaii~Chan, and Lucinda.

He watched as Tommy would steal things from Ranboo’s plate, and curse loudly when Tubbo did the same thing.

He smiled as Michael came back down with Levin and Malachi, snorting excitedly in piglin, clearly excited about how his day had been.

And he relaxed as he went back to his bedroom with Ranboo, Michael passed out on his chest. Ranboo smiled, wrapping an arm around Tubbo as he essentially curled around his husband, letting out little purrs.

“I like it here...” Ranboo murmured softly. Tubbo paused, before he smiled, resting his head down on the pillow.

“I know Boo...”

‘I like it here too.’

Chapter End Notes

I totally didn't do a whole segment on Ranboo when they met Lucinda because we plan on doing stuff with his other half no not at all you guys are crazy I don't know what you mean. Just know you guys should pay some extra special attention to Ranboo moments even from the beginning of this book.

;) I'd love to see your theories

Since it's been a while here is a refresh of our discord link which is not just for this series but DSMP/Aphmau crossovers and fics I write as a whole regardless of if Brownie is a co-creator or otherwise (if it doesn't work let me know in a comment and I will reply to you with another link); <https://discord.gg/XRVHw9UT>

See you next time!

The Syndicate Is Looking For a Couple New Friends

Chapter Summary

Phil and Fundy put their plan into action

[Chapter Title from 'The Syndicate' by Derivakat]

Chapter Notes

WOO HOO NEW CHAPTER TIME!~ We are back with the SMP! Little bit of a shorter chapter this time but it's fine. Hope you guys enjoy!~

Also shout out to Fairy Tea in our discord who gave me tumblr with Eret's boundaries so I knew the pronouns needed for this chapter- thank you~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Are you sure this will work?” Fundy walked beside his grandfather, fox ears back as he followed the avian down, down, down to where Dream’s eyes could never reach them. Phil didn’t respond to his nephew’s question, as he kept staring ahead, holding the ender pearl tightly in his hand.

He’d been working on this hidden meeting place for a long time. He had planned it after tossing Dream’s worthless self in prison. Originally, it had been sort of a plan b for himself, Fundy, Tubbo, Ranboo and Michael should anything happen with *anyone* on this server. With the Eggpire, with Dream, with Techno-

Phil took a deep breath. Techno.

Techno hadn’t been at that meeting. He hadn’t been by Dream (Phil would have crucified him otherwise. He was already struggling holding back from Wilbur. *How did he bring Wilbur back?*) nor had he been among the crowd, and while Phil may be old, his eyes can still tell the piglin-hybrid from a mile away.

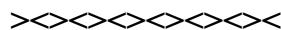
The less Techno inserts himself into server affairs, the better, Phil mused. His feathers ruffled as Fundy pushed his side slightly, the fox hybrid growling a little at annoyance.

“Phil! Jesus *Christ* is your hearing going as well old man!?”

“Ha ha, no. To answer your question I don’t know if it will work mate...we just need to hope and pray.”

“That what?”

“That at least *one* of them showed up.”



Phil swallowed down his worries as he put a hand on the doors to the main room, silently praying there were people behind it. He didn’t care if it was just *one*, as long as they had an ally in this plan. The less that could be on Dream’s side, the better.

“You ready pops?” Fundy chuckled, however the clear strain in his voice showed he was as frightened about this as Phil himself was. But the avian knew it would be worse to hide his own nervousness, and not take the attempt at lightening up the mood for granted.

“Ready as I’ll ever be Fundy...” And taking a breath, Phil opened the door.

And he *smiled* .

Standing in the room was everyone he sent a message to. George, Sapnap, Quackity, Sam, Puffy, Foolish, Eret, Purpled, Jack, Niki, Callahan- everyone. Quackity rolled his eyes, the duck hybrid using his hair to cover the scar.

“Shoulda known from the crow that it was you, big man.” The duck hybrid’s wings ruffled as he stood impatiently, far away from Sapnap (the blaze hybrid kept looking mournfully over at him).

“Yeah. I’m glad you all came. Especially you both.’ Phil looked at Foolish and Puffy, eyes saddening. “I know Dream’s your family.”

“ *WAS* my family...” Puffy growled, which took the immortal back. He had only ever seen Puffy get angry at anyone who hurt her family. “That- that *monster* is not my duckling...at this point I’m wondering if he ever was.”

Phil nodded. Jack rolled his eyes, grumbling as he adjusted his glasses.

“So why the fuck did you bring us here ey?” Phil sighed.

“Because we know this is wrong. We need to start a revolution against Dream. And we need to do so together. This- this will be called the Syndicate. *We* will be the Syndicate. There are secret ways here no one could damn find.”

Quackity scoffed, rolling his eyes. “And how do you know you can trust everyone here? I mean- you sent a letter to Eret for XD’s sake!” Quackity snarled, causing the ex-monarch to flinch, their eyes darkening from behind the glasses.

“I trusted that demon once.” They murmured softly. “I won’t be making that same mistake again.”

“Doubt it.”

“He killed Tommy!”

“Yeah well guess what!? HE DID THAT BACK THEN WHEN YOU HELPED HIM TOO!”

“*ENOUGH!*” Phil snarled, silencing both of them; the two looking down ashamed. “I know...I know mistakes have happened in the past. Hell- I have a bloody history with a lot of you...from Wilbur to...to Techno’s execution...but I *know* we...I know we can do this. We will talk in code. Everyone will be given a copy of a book about Enderians, specifically their language. Learn it.’

‘You will also be given stacks of Eyes of Ender and Ender Pearls in order to find and access this place. We will all have code names so that if anything is intercepted, it won’t be easy to crack. Are you with me?’

Everyone was silent, before Sam stepped forward, the centaur huffing smoke from the sides of his gas mask, a quiet hissing filling the chamber.

“Dream took Tommy...and now he’s taking everything we have. I’ll be damned if I let that bastard win again.” Phil smiled, putting a hand on the creeper’s shoulder. Callahan looked aside, stepping forward himself.

“Dream managed to figure out how to strip me of my powers...he’s the only one in charge of the server now. I’m in. I want to fix things. Get rid of the three lives. Infinite. So no one has to lose anyone ever again.”

Quackity scoffed. “That doesn’t change who we’ve already lost.”

Callahan sighed. “I know. But would you rather not have to fear any moment could be a loved one’s last or to keep knowing you’ll soon mourn someone?”

Quackity looked aside, and his silence was all too telling. One by one, the others all agreed, and Phil smiled, feeling his fears lighten and dissipate with each of them, grabbing two stacks of Eyes and Pearls each, and the books needed.

“Before you all go. Sam, Puffy, Quackity...I want to speak to you three alone. Fundy and I want to speak with you alone.” The three called out shared worried looks, before walking back into the room.

“What is it?”

Phil shared a look with Fundy, the two nodding to each other. Phil knew they could be trusted. After all, he’d talked to Tommy.

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“*Tommy, can I ask you something mate?*” Phil smiled, his wings ruffling as he watched Tommy practice on a training dummy.

“*Sure dad.*” The hybrid murmured, not really paying attention as he kept focusing on the skills Aaron had been teaching him (skills that made Phil bloom with pride at his little hatchling).

“*If you were to want to see anyone else...who would you trust with the knowledge that you’re alive?*” Tommy stopped, glaring.

“*Dad, I don’t want-*”

“*-I know son-*” Phil put his hands up carefully to try and keep his son from getting frightened, or angry, or both- “*I know...it’s rhetorical. People who, regardless of whether you wanted people to visit, people who...you’d be fine just...knowing you were alive.*”

Tommy sighed, grumbling.

“*Well there ain’t many. Almost everyone fuckin wanted me dead...bunch of pussies. But I guess...*” Tommy rubbed the back of his neck, sitting up on the fence near his father, the avian wrapping a wing around him as Tommy fiddled with his hands.

“*I guess Sam. He- He was a good lad, very poggers. Tried- tried his best to- to help look after me y’know? I-I trust him-...e-especially.*” Phil’s eyes softened as he nodded, smiling gently. Tommy took a breath.

“P-Puff- Puffy...is- is another one...”

“But she’s Dream’s-”

“I know she-” Tommy took a breath as he fiddled with his hands- “I know she’s...she’s his parent...I don’t know mom, dad whatever-...but- but she’s been nice...only one to tell people that- that I was a fucking KID ...I-I trust her. She’s nice...been nice to me.”

Phil smiled, nodding. “Okay. Anyone else?”

“...Quackity.”

“Quackity? You sure Toms?” Tommy breathed in, nodding.

“Yeah. He- He was the only one to speak up when...when Tubbo exiled me. There were other issues sure but-...but he stood up for me. That’s what counts. Sides, I miss the big man... wonder how he and Sap are going.”

Phil nodded, putting a hand on his son’s shoulder. “Alright. It’s good that you had people you trusted Tommy.” Tommy scoffed, rolling his eyes, before silently leaning his head on his father’s shoulder.

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“So, what’s this about?” Puffy tilted her head, ears moving slightly as she stared anxiously at the avian. Phil took a deep breath in.

“What Fundy and I are about to tell you is something that can never leave this room. It must remain between us. Promise me.” Sam, Puffy and Quackity all looked a mixture of confused, frightened and worried, before nodding. Fundy swallowed, nodding to his grandfather, who quietened his voice.

“Tommy’s alive.”

Quackity blinked, before he started laughing. “No- NO! NO FUCK OFF! He’s- what the FUCK Phil! This is fucking sick! We have the memorial- we found that tower! Tommy is dead! What the fuck!?”

“It’s the truth, Quackity.” Fundy whimpered. “Tommy he- he landed in water...he ran from Exile, from Dream. He found a portal where- where it took him somewhere safe. Somewhere he’s happy. Somewhere that-...that he has a family.”

Quackity blinked, the duck hybrid shaking, whether with relief or anger, Phil didn’t know. Puffy blinked, looking up.

“You’re serious.”

“Dead serious. Fundy, Tubbo and myself were the only ones who knew.”

“And this- place...” One of Sam’s hooves scraped at the ground anxiously. “Is this where Ranboo and Tubbo have disappeared now?”

Phil nodded. “This has to remain between us.”

Quackity ran a hand through his hair, duck wings bristling. “Fuck...well- can we fucking see him!?”

“It’s not safe.” Phil sighed. “Dream-...he knows about the portal, and if he discovers more people leaving, he’ll know the truth. That more than a couple that aren’t a threat know Tommy is alive. He knows Fundy and I can’t do- well do *shit* right now about it. Not if we want the Eggpire to remain in the dark. So you can’t see him. Not right now.”

Quackity sighed, but nodded, relenting. As he and Puffy walked out, Sam looked back at Phil.

“Tommy...” Sam murmured. “Is he...really happy? Does he...really have more of a family?”

Phil smiled, nodding, surprised that the thought of Tommy having another family he loved filled him with warmth rather than a sad jealousy.

“Yeah...he’s happy. Happier than I’ve seen him in a long time. He’s grown up.” Sam softened at that, the creeper hybrid hissing happily as he followed the other two out.

Fundy huffed, standing beside Phil. He looked up, and let out a relieved laugh. “That- That went well.” Phil chuckled, hugging his grandson tightly.

“It did mate...”

“It really did.”

Chapter End Notes

Do you guys think anything will go wrong with more people knowing Tommy's alive?
XD

Next chapter is gonna be very fun at least for me and Brownie, we also have up to chapter 11 planned! Don't worry guys, the lore will kick in very soon ;)

See you next time!

Here Before

Chapter Summary

Ranboo has his first Enderwalking since being free of Dream's control.

But while Tommy and Tubbo try desperately to hide it, they discover the truth of a past that Ranboo forgot.

The truth of what he is.

[Title song/lyrics within chapter; 'Here Before' by Vashti Bunyan]

Chapter Notes

WOO HOO!!!! It is here!!!! Brownie and I have been sitting on this chapter for so long, we're so excited to reveal what we did with Ranboo's parentage (and we have even more plans)

ALSO ALSO!!!! THIS FIC AND THE FIRST GOT FEATURED IN TIKTOKS FOR FIC RECCOMENDS!!!!!! IM SO HAPPY!!!!!!! So littlebubbleboy9, if you're reading this; thanks so much for making my day when Brownie sent it to me. We also have a discord!!! Please join guys! I'm planning on using discord to stream games and writing streams soon so- if you wanna see that, come on! There's also bonus content for this series and alerts for other stories I'll be writing!!! Here is a link:
<https://discord.gg/XRVHw9UT>

Enjoy guys!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo looked about the field. Daisies, snowdrops and Lilies of the Valley littered the area. Tulips and rose bushes could be seen further away. His tail flicked as he walked through, warbling quietly. The trees were large, oak and dark oak stretched above, creating a roofed canopy that was endless, going further and further away.

He moved through quietly, the sun shining through small little cracks in the shade above. He blinked, seeing the outskirts of a town; a lot like Phoenix Drop, but it was larger. More like a city or a small kingdom than a humble town in the middle of the forest (even if Phoenix Drop was getting bigger and bigger each day).

His ears twitched as he heard gentle humming. A lullaby stretched through the forest and reached his ears, loosening the tension in his shoulders and causing him to voluntarily close his eyes. He opened them, blinking.

“I’ve...heard this before...but...where...?” Ranboo sighed quietly. The one time he wished his memory problems weren’t well a problem.

He looked up, seeing a tall dark shadow walking through the forest away from him, a tail flicking. Ranboo’s heterochromatic eyes lit up as he started running. “H-Hey! Uh- excuse me! Hey! Can you tell me where I am!?” The enderian blinked as the figure kept walking.

“Um- can you hear me!?”

Upon receiving no answer, the best choice Ranboo could have made was leaving and finding some way out. But instead, he kept following the figure. No matter how close he got, however, it never stopped being fuzzy.

The humming got louder, causing Ranboo to pick up the pace. He paused, watching the figure walk into the small cottage on the edge of that town, with a flower garden filled with snowdrops, rose bushes and lilies. The humming came from inside.

Ranboo tilted his head, walking forward towards the cottage. Something felt strange, familiar. A sense of belonging came from the cottage, a sense of familiarity, of home.

The enderian let his thoughts slip away as he went to place a hand on the door, before everything started to fade away.

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Once I had a child,

He was wilder than moonlight.

He could do it all,

Like he’d been here before.

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Tommy sighed, stretching as he blinked, *Clementine* resting in her larger form on his stomach. He chuckled, petting his little fae familiar as she yawned, kneading her paws against his chest gently. The raccoon-hybrid smiled, scratching behind her ears, laughing as her wings ruffled in response.

“Morning to you too...” He sighed, flopping back smiling. This was one of the days he had a break, from both guard training *and* warlock training. After all, they all agreed that while he absolutely adored his lessons, the constant training wasn’t healthy for him.

“Maybe Tubbo, Ran and I can see Kawaii~Chan again...” Tommy grinned, sitting up. Walking downstairs, he sniffed, and looked at the table. There were four plates, one smaller than the others, each covered in a cloth and a small note. Picking it up, from the get-go he could tell it was Aphmau’s careful handwriting.

‘Sorry I couldn’t be there for when you wake up boys, I needed to go see Kenmur early to see how his invention for sensing Shadow Knight heat signatures is going on before lord duties. Zoey has taken Levin and Malachi to Molly’s to play with Alexis, but your breakfasts are there. Including one for little Michael. Take care, we love you all. - Aphmau’

Tommy smiled, putting the note down. “Thanks mom.” He murmured, ears twitching as he heard footsteps running up. “There you are big man, my moms made break-”

“Tommy, we have a problem.” Tubbo cut him off, panting. The hybrid turned to look at his friend, tilting his head.

“What’s going on?”

“It’s Ranboo.” Tubbo looked up, swallowing.

“He’s Enderwalking.”

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“Enderwhat now?” Tommy walked downstairs, following Tubbo. His mother’s dogs all stepped aside, tails wagging in unison as they saw the hybrid (Tommy could see Thorgi

wasn't there, however. Clearly his mother had taken her first pup out for today) walk downstairs. Tubbo sighed.

"Enderwalking. It's- a thing he does. It's like our instinct moments. But his enderian one."

"Okay so...what is he dangerous? Why don't you have Michael then!?"

"No he- he isn't dangerous just..." Tubbo looked aside. "Dream. Back in the SMP he...he somehow figured out how to control Ranboo when he was Enderwalking. He could trigger it if he desired. He could see through Ranboo's eyes, and- once he...he *talked* through him. We figured out when Phil and I were coming back from Niki's once and saw Ranboo sneaking up on Fundy...with a knife."

Tommy paled. "And...you think it's the same here?"

"I don't know. He...He's already acting differently. More just- animalistic...back in the server it was almost like he was sleepwalking. But here he...he's *aware*. I heard him dreaming last night but...he wasn't having a nightmare. Just...calling out for someone. Then when I woke him up for breakfast, his eyes were purple, just like they are when he Enderwalks."

"So...you just...left him in the room? When Dream could be here!?"

"I don't think he *is* bossman! Whenever it was before- he would be trying to act like Ranboo but I always had an off feeling. This morning he just- warbled. Spoke in enderian. I just- I don't know...I don't want people here thinking he's dangerous. We need to make sure he doesn't try and leave to go into town."

Tommy sighed, rolling his eyes. "So much for my time off. Alright. I'll bring his and Michael's breakfast down. My moms have already gone to do what they have to, Levin and Malachi are with them. They just made sure to make breakfast before they went for us." The teen's tail wagged as he watched Tubbo's eyes soften just a bit before nodding, heading into the bedroom as Tommy walked back upstairs, the dogs following after him happily.

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Tubbo sighed, opening the door to their bedroom. He blinked, looking up as Michael squealed happily, completely bundled in Ranboo's arms. The enderian's purple eyes shone brightly, almost looking dilated, a lot like a cat's as he purred, looking up at Tubbo.

In an instant, the teen had latched onto Tubbo and brought him down as well into the bundle of their blankets and pillows, almost looking like a little nest; a fort. A little safe place for

them. Tubbo sighed, trying to squeeze himself out.

Ranboo growled quietly, wrapping his long limbs around the ram hybrid tighter, resting his head on top of his, the growling slowly turning into a content purr. Tubbo looked up, watching as the door opening, Tommy's blue eyes widening in surprise.

"Don't. You say. A fucking. *WORD* ." Tubbo seethed. Tommy blinked once. Twice. Three times.

Then he started cackling.

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Tommy wheezed, leaning over as he held the plates in his hands. Tubbo snarled, his ears going flat.

"I said not to say anything!"

"I-" Tommy laughed, putting down the plates before he crashed on the ground- "I haven't said- said a fucking thing!"

Tubbo sighed, shaking his head. "Well- at least we can rule out that Dream's controlling him. He never did this before. It's good to know he's finally safe with this..."

"Right..." Tommy grabbed the plates, putting them down on the bed. "Heeeeey big man..." He whispered, causing Ranboo to lift his head up immediately, warbling quietly. "Do you remember me Ran?" Ranboo tilted his head before purring happily, reaching out his hands towards the other teen.

Tommy sighed in relief, before stepping back. "Uh- good bossman. Look, you gotta eat alright? Same with the little man there-" Tommy gestured towards Michael, who was doing his best to grab at one of the plates. "So just...let Tubbo go for now, we'll go eat then we'll be right back."

Ranboo whined, shaking his head as he curled around them further. Tubbo nodded at Tommy, before running a hand through his husband's hair, earning a gentle purr from him, starting to lean against him. "I promise we'll be back, okay?" Ranboo whined, but slowly let him go as Tommy put the plates down, sighing.

“Well...at least he eats...” Tubbo sighed in relief, watching as Ranboo started eating his own breakfast, Michael squealing with delight as the enderian helped him. “It’s good to know he doesn’t have to fear turning anymore...”

Tommy nodded, and sighed as he walked upstairs with Tubbo, the two teens sitting down to eat.

“How long does this usually last for Tubs?”

“Uh- they can last from a couple hours to- like a day.” Tubbo spoke through a mouthful of pancakes (Tommy cringed in disgust). “But I mean- this is his *first* without the possibility of Dream so...who knows? Plus he’s in a new place.”

Tommy groaned. “Great. Well, good thing I don’t have anything. Though the last thing I fuckin’ wanted was to hide *Ranboo* from an entire fuckin’ town!”

Tubbo rolled his eyes, scoffing. “It’ll be *fine*. Damn you’re overdramatic...” Tubbo snorted, earning an offended gasp from his friend.

“How *dare* you! I’ll have you know that I am the *least* dramatic person here bitch boy-!”

“Tommy~Kun?” A familiar and softer voice was outside the door. The boys both tensed as Kawaii~Chan knocked gently on the door. “Aphmau~Senpai asked Kawaii~Chan to check on you all. Is everything okay?” The mief’wa had a smile in her voice, but both boys were silent.

“What the fuck do we do!?” Tubbo hissed.

“Fuck if I know!” Tommy snarled back. “Just- keep her from seeing him! We don’t know what he’ll do!” Tubbo nodded, heading downstairs as Tommy opened the door. The hybrid grinned at the baker, who giggled.

“Uh- morning Kawaii~Chan...!” Tommy forced a smile, wincing internally as Kawaii~Chan’s brow furrowed, tilting her head, ears flat in concern.

“Are you okay?” Her voice went softer, and Tommy blinked as she didn’t sound as overly cheerful as she usually did. Tommy swallowed, his tail flicking anxiously.

“Uh- yeah! Why- Why wouldn’t it be!? Why wouldn’t *I* be I mean-” Tommy chuckled nervously, jumping as there was a shout from downstairs. He looked back, Tubbo running up, holding Michael in his arms.

“TOMMY!” He screeched, grabbing the racoon hybrid’s arm. “Ranboo’s gone!” He hissed. Tommy paled.

“He’s *WHAT!*?”

“I went to go down and make sure he was okay and- and he was just *gone!*”

“Kawaii~Chan could help!” The mief’wa smiled as her ears twitched (both boys realising that she would have heard them almost indefinitely). “Kawaii~Chan is good at tracking! Kawaii~Chan had to in case her little maids ran away. They’d get lost a lot.”

“Uh- right...” Tommy sighed, knowing they’d have to explain everything. He looked at Tubbo for confirmation, the ram hybrid nodding. “So- that’s the thing...Ran isn’t really-... *himself*.”

Tubbo nodded, continuing. “He enderwalks. It’s essentially his-...instinct thing. Like Tommy’s and mine. But uh- it-...it’s different here.”

Kawaii~Chan nodded, and smiled. “Kawaii~Chan understands! Kawaii~Chan supposes mief’wa instincts would be very different if combined with another!”

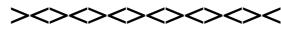
Tubbo blinked slowly, and Tommy stood still as he stared at her.

“Wh-What...?”

Kawaii~Chan nodded. “He is part mief’wa! He doesn’t seem to be a full-grown one though, because Kawaii~Chan could tell he was still a kitten!”

Tommy and Tubbo stared straight ahead at her.

“HE’S A *WHAT!*?”



“Ranboob!? Come out you fuck!” Tommy shouted, walking through the forest with Tubbo and Kawaii~Chan. The two were engaged in conversation, and rightfully so. Tubbo was understandably freaking out (you would be too if you found out your husband was most likely originally from some place entirely different).

“So...Ran is most likely from here?” Kawaii~Chan tilted her head thoughtfully.

“He could be. Kawaii~Chan doesn’t know. There are some in Tu’La who worship Kul’Zak the Wanderer, who was said to take people across realms. So Kawaii~Chan assumes a mief’wa could have left at some point, but it could also be the other way around.”

“Huh...how come you don’t have them?”

“Kawaii~Chan learned how to control herself so that they wouldn’t happen very often. However it’s most likely a normal thing for his other side, so they happen more frequently.” The mief’wa smiled brightly. “Kawaii~Chan can help Ranboo learn!”

“Right...that’ll be good.”

Tommy huffed, looking about. “Fucking- hell...” He looked down, and put his hand to the ground as they finally came across some long and barely visible tracks. “Finally!” He bent down, letting *Clementine* land as well. His eyes began to glow a soft blue, as a tiny trail appeared from the tracks. Tommy grinned.

“Got him.” The others kept following, soon stopping as they saw the enderian staring out over the ocean, faint *fwoops* and purrs. Tubbo sighed in relief.

“Ran!” His shout caused the enderian to look over, smiling as he appeared in front of the ram hybrid, hugging him tightly, purring as he nudged his face. Tubbo sighed, patting his husband’s head. “Y-Yeah- I’m okay big man...”

Tommy sighed, looking at Kawaii~Chan. “Okay...do your thing.” Kawaii~Chan smiled, and stepped forward, letting a quiet purr come from her throat. Ranboo looked up, eyes dilated, glowing a soft purple as he tilted his head, a quiet warble coming from him. The mief’wa proceeded to step forward, purring as she brought a hand to his face, brushing his cheek softly with her palm.

Ranboo seemed to let out a quiet whine as he nudged against it, closing his eyes. For a few moments, he was still, before stumbling, blinking. His once-purple eyes returned to their gentle green and red heterochromatic colours.

“Wha... What happened?” He paled. “Did I enderwalk!? Are you hurt!” The anxious teen immediately started looking at Tommy and Tubbo for injuries, causing the ram hybrid to laugh.

“No- No we’re fine. Kawaii~Chan helped.”

“How? I’ve never been able to come out like that...” Kawaii~Chan smiled softly.

“Because you are part mief’wa, just like Kawaii~Chan!” Ranboo blinked, his ears going down.

“... What?” Tubbo smiled sadly, putting a hand on his husband’s, taking it tightly.

“It’s okay. She’s said she’ll help you...!” Ranboo nodded, and slowly let out a smile. Tommy sighed in relief, his tail flicking.

“Great! Now can we go back? My legs are *killing* me!”

“Want me to carry you Tommy?” Tubbo teased.

“EY- Shut up bitch boy! As if you could!”

“Well if you’re gonna test me!”

“Wha? HEY! Put me down, asshole!”

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Ranboo smiled as he walked a bit behind his friends, Michael stumbling ahead and squealing with excitement. As they walked inside, he turned to the mief’wa, who started to leave.

“Um- Kawaii~Chan?”

The woman’s ears twitched, smiling as she turned back. “What is it?”

“Um...my- if...if one of my...my parents are from here...could...could it be possible for me to...for at...at least...one of them to...be alive somewhere? Could I...find them?”

Kawaii~Chan looked aside, and smiled. “Considering the Divine and Fates have been kind to them...there is a chance. Talk to Emmalyn, she might have some maps...Aphmau~Senpai

might be willing to help too! She's been to many places in Ru'aun!"

Ranboo nodded, smiling slightly, a slight determination moving through him. "Right. Thank-Thank you." The mief'wa nodded her head as she walked off, and Ranboo looked up at the sky for a few moments, before following his friends back inside.

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Tubbo and Michael slept soundly beside Ranboo, whose eyes gave off enough glow in dark to hold the quill steady. He looked down at his memory book, *Do Not Read* heavily on the cover. His eyes narrowed, as he carefully tore it off.

He flicked through a couple pages, looking at the pages with his personal information.

Your name is Ranboo. Your husband is Tubbo. You have a child named Michael. Tommy is alive. Tommy is your friend. Phil and Fundy are family too.

He had information about Phoenix Drop. He held the quill tightly, writing down more on a new page, next to it.

You are part mief'wa. Your family could be alive. YOU HAVE PARENTS.

He hesitated, before steeling himself, eyes narrowing with a newfound determination.

You need to find them.

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Then I had a child

Took his while like northern summer.

And he knows it all

Like he's been here before.

Chapter End Notes

Hehehehe~ So yes, for this fic Ranboo is part Enderman and part Mief'wa. This was Brownie's idea and I agreed with it. We have many other plans with it, as the end suggests...~

We also have many chapters planned, and lore will certainly be kicking in soon! Take care guys, and I'll see you next time!!

<33333

HOPE YOU ENJOYED!! <333

Neverland is Home to Lost Boys Like Me (And Lost Boys Like Me are Free)

Chapter Summary

After a few days, Ranboo's lessons have been going well.

So well, that perhaps this place is what is meant to be his home.

[Chapter Title from 'Lost Boy' by Ruth B.]

Chapter Notes

Woohoo!! It's back! And Brownie and I have up to chapter 15 planned!! We're so excited XD.

I love everyone that is chilling with this series! If you're interested join our discord! If the link doesn't work comment and ask for a new one! I do some discord streaming in there sometimes and it'll involve writing streams soon! So, if you wanna join in the magic, join us! I'm workin on gettin excitement back in there XD

Have fun!~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo's tail flicked as he walked carefully through the town. In a way, the enderian was excited, meeting the mief'wa like they'd discussed a few days ago. They met almost every week.

He was finally learning about his heritage! He could- He could have parents that were still *alive* ! They could be looking for him.

Of course, he knew there was the possibility that they weren't the best, and that's why he was alone, but he wasn't going to let himself see the worst in it. Not this time. He was having faith that if his parents were alive, they were looking for him, or they wanted to find him. Maybe something had happened and they had to send him away.

At least now, he understood *why* this place felt familiar to him. It was less the town's familiarity, and more the realm itself. He had been born here, *should* have been raised here.

Perhaps he had been, and he just couldn't find those memories.

He kept his book close. He needed as much information as he could to find them. He *wanted* to find them. He wanted those pieces of his past, and if he had family out there, he wanted to find them. Of course he had Tommy, Tubbo and Michael, but he wanted more. What if he had family who had thought he was gone? They deserved to know he was alive, and happy, and deserved to be *with* him.

And in a way, it made him feel more...at home in this place. This was where he belonged. He didn't regret somehow finding his way to the SMP, after all it let him meet Tubbo, have their son, become a part of their family, with Phil and Fundy, be Tommy's friend.

But at the same time, he wanted to be *here* . Be where he felt safe, where he belonged.

He only hoped Tubbo would understand that. And that- he'd stay with him.

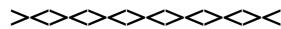
He wanted to be here for Tommy as well. The raccoon hybrid had been more than helpful, offering to babysit Michael on days that he and Tubbo were busy, and Tommy didn't have anything he had to do. He was good with the boy. Back when he first knew Tommy- well Ranboo wouldn't trust the boy with a *puppy* , let alone an actual child.

But now, with Tommy having his own younger siblings, him seeming more mature- he seemed used to looking after Michael. And the little piglin himself enjoyed Tommy's company (Ranboo had even caught him calling Tommy 'mom' sometimes - Tommy always vehemently argued it was because Michael was too young to say 'Tom'), and Michael always lit up whenever Tommy had to babysit him.

He was thankful to have Tommy again. He missed him. Memories of that day, the memorial were etched into his mind. The allium strangely felt heavy as it had sat in his pocket, his cheeks burning as scars were seared into his skin, staring at the grave as memories of a boy's laughter, his eyes, his shaky hands, his desperate attempts to not be alone flashed through the enderian's mind.

Ranboo shook his head. He had Tommy. He had Tubbo. He had Michael. He had friends and family. And if whatever gods were watching were kind to him, he could have more.

He just had to try and find *them*.



Ranboo looked up at the bakery, smiling. His tail flicked as he knocked, before opening the door. The smell of fresh bread, cakes and other sweets immediately slammed into him, almost knocking the enderian off his feet with the pure intensity.

“Kawaii~Chan?” He tilted his head, looking about. His ears twitched, hearing some small commotion downstairs, and a familiar mumbling of the mief’wa. He smiled, eyes lighting up as she headed up the stairs, chuckling.

“Good morning Ranboo! Kawaii~Chan was waiting for you!” She laughed softly, her yellow eyes shining. Ranboo smiled, tilting his head.

“H-Hi Kawaii~Chan. What- What are we doing today!?”

Kawaii~Chan purred. “Right! Follow Kawaii~Chan!” With a flick of her tail, she moved the sign on her bakery door to ‘closed’, locking it behind them as they walked out to the forest. She smiled, walking with him. “Mief’wa are almost always born with magicks. Some might not be, but the majority are. We’re also born with the ability to *sense* other things. Other mief’wa, our families.” She looked to Ranboo, smiling warmly up at him.

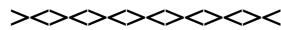
“I am going to teach you how to...dig deeper into your mief’wa genes.”

“Haven’t we been doing that?”

“ Yes , but, I want to teach you more.” She looked aside to Ranboo, smiling. “ I’m going to show you how to be more aware when you’re in your instincts.”

Ranboo tensed, swallowing. “I...I can’t.” Memories of trying to harm them, forced to listen to whatever Dream wanted, whatever Dream desired, even from inside of the prison. The panic that one day he could accidentally let him out, he couldn’t-

“Yes you can.” Kawaii~Chan spoke more seriously, holding his clawed hands, snapping the enderian out of his thoughts. “You just need the confidence. Now come on.” Ranboo looked aside, his anxiety moving through him slowly as he followed her.



Ranboo looked about as he sat down beside Kawaii~Chan, who smiled. “So...what now?”

Kawaii~Chan looked at him. “Can you remember anything from your childhood?”

Ranboo looked down, his ears going down. “No. I...I can’t. I’ve had memory problems since I was a child.” He moved a hand slowly up to his hair, pulling some away to reveal an old and faded scar. “I think something happened that made me lose my memory.” The teen looked aside. “But...”

“But?” Kawaii~Chan tilted her head.

“But...on the day that...I went into an Enderwalking state...I had a dream.” Ranboo sighed, closing his eyes as he leaned back, trying desperately to recall every moment.

“I was in a forest...it felt familiar and yet I couldn’t recognise it...there was someone else nearby. I called out but they didn’t hear. I followed them, and eventually saw them enter a cottage. I could hear singing. A lullaby. I don’t know where I heard it but I did.”

“What next?” Kawaii~Chan murmured softly.

“I...I wanted to open the door. I tried to open the door. Then next thing I know I was in the forest, and you, Tommy and Tubbo were there. But- unlike usual I could hear everything...I knew what I was doing. Somewhat.”

Kawaii~Chan nodded. “Okay. Then I want you to close your eyes, and try to think about that cottage. Everything you can remember. Try and recall.”

“I...” Ranboo sighed. He wanted to learn. “What if I can’t?”

Kawaii~Chan smiled. “I know you can. Because you *want* to.”

For one moment, Ranboo’s anxiety eased, followed by a surge of determination. He nodded, closing his eyes. It was difficult, but in a few moments he could smell the different flowers he had seen.

The snowdrops.

The lilies.

The daisies.

The rose bushes.

He could hear the gentle singing, a soft lullaby echoing in his ears, filling him with warmth, comfort and safety. He could see the door. The cottage.

“What do I do?” He whispered, not wanting to lose the images that flickered hazily in his mind, going from clear to distorted. Kawaii~Chan kept a hold on his hands, the pinkette smiling proudly, even if he couldn’t see.

“Open the door.”

“Even if I don’t know what’s on the other side?”

“Even if you don’t know what’s on the other side...”

Ranboo swallowed. Nodding. Wordlessly, he felt his mind reach out towards the door, opening it slowly, as his mind faded to white.

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When the enderian came to, he was sitting, and saw the familiar pink-haired meif’wa sitting across from him, holding his hands. She beamed, giggling.

“What? What is it?” Ranboo’s head was tilted. Kawaii~Chan simply smiled, taking out a small mirror she had brought with her. Lifting it up, Ranboo’s eyes widened.

His eyes were the glittering purple they were during his Enderwalking. Ranboo smiled, tail slowly wagging.

“I-I’m still conscious. I-...I’m still me!” Ranboo laughed loudly, making happy purrs as he hugged Kawaii~Chan tightly. “This is amazing! I-I have to show Tubbo!” The meif’wa laughed happily, nudging the taller teen.

“I’ll meet you again next time.” Ranboo nodded, smiling brightly. He stood, quickly running off a little, before stopping (and almost inadvertently slamming into a tree).

“OH! Th-Thanks Kawaii~Chan!” Kawaii~Chan looked aside, almost nervously, before turning to look back at him, grinning, her yellow eyes shining happily and supportively.

“It’s Nana.”

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The enderian smiled, wandering about the town, his purple eyes slowly going back to their green and red heterochromia. He was excited. It was weird, to be in control of his instincts like that. He felt safe, in control.

He knew he had a long way to go, but that Kawaii~Chan- Nana, could help him. *Would* help him. And those in the family he stayed with now would too.

As Ranboo looked about the town, he saw the people he felt safe being around. The people who would help protect him and his family. This place was home. He had felt lost, alone, for so long, and now he finally had a home.

He wasn’t lost anymore. He wasn’t Ranboo, who couldn’t remember his own past. He was Ranboo, who was learning. Who would find his family. Find his parents. Have the home he deserved. The home he wanted. He imagined sitting in a home, with Tubbo, Michael, Tommy, his parents. He imagined learning about them, how he was as a child.

He could finally be overwhelmingly *happy* .

Of course, that wasn’t to say he *wasn’t* happy, he was! So happy, but he knew if he had everything he could ever want, everything he *dreamed* of having. That would make everything even more worth what it was.

He wouldn’t just feel happy.

He could finally feel *complete* .

Chapter End Notes

Eeeeheeeheheeheeeeeee! I love writing this Ranboo it's so fun. Little cat boy. Which reminds me, thank you all for the overwhelming support on mief'wa ranboo, I was so nervous about it XD. But I should have known better; we call him our little meow meow after all.

Next chapter is gonna be a Tubbo chapter, then some L O R E! So, hope you enjoy!

Take care everyone <3

When You Live for Someone (You're Prepared To Die)

Chapter Summary

Tubbo wants to be stronger. He wants to protect his family. He can't let them be used against him again.

Luckily, there's someone who understands. Someone who can help him finally have a healthy outlet.

[Chapter Title from 'Do It For Her/Him' from Steven Universe]

Chapter Notes

Katelyn Tubbo friendship ya'll. That's all.

Also I'm starting to think I might kin c!Tubbo. It's a bit too easy to write him. Hm. That's not healthy-

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo stared straight up at the ceiling. He'd been staring for who knows how long, but now he was sure he was seeing faces. The ram hybrid sighed quietly, eyes flicking to the side. His husband was curled up around him, dead asleep, Michael nestled close, his head resting in the crook of his neck.

The shorter boy sat up, running a hand through his hair. He could see the sun starting to slowly filter in through the window. *Dawn*, Tubbo mused, huffing. At least the nightmares were allowing him to sleep for a little longer. But even so- he hated it. They were always the same.

Always waking up in their Snowchester home alone. Ranboo wasn't beside them. He went up to Michael's room; he wasn't in there.

Michael was calling for them. He opened the door. Dream was there. Dream had Michael. Ranboo was beside him. His eyes were purple. He grabbed Michael. Dream spoke.

"Kill-"

Tubbo held his head in his hands, moving it up. He looked at his hands. They were wet. He whimpered, huffing. He couldn't go back to sleep. He needed to do something.

Normally when the teen's nightmares came knocking, he would get up, slip away to that little hell-hole he called a haven. He would lock himself in there, maybe for minutes. Hours. Sometimes days. If it was ever days, Phil would open the door and drag the ram hybrid out, kicking and screaming.

He'd build his nukes, work out kinks. Forge armour, weapons, engrave enchantments upon enchantments. He couldn't be weak again, *wouldn't* be weak again.

But here? He didn't *have* that. He didn't have that outlet, that ability to protect them. And even if Dream couldn't get here, that wouldn't stop him. He'd find a way. He'd find a way and he'd hurt all of them, he'd gain control of Ranboo again, he'd-

He needed to get out. Tubbo moved out of the bed carefully, making sure not to wake his husband or son. Ranboo shifted a little, stirring. He yawned slightly, before snuggling back in. Tubbo sighed softly in relief, planting a kiss on the enderman's forehead, before standing, and getting dressed.

He walked back upstairs quietly, careful not to awake Tommy's moms or brothers. Or Tommy himself. *Shit. Tommy*. He forgot that sometimes the raccoon hybrid had his guard training. He closed his eyes for a few moments, silently praying that out of all days, *this* wasn't a day Tommy had a dawn patrol. He trusted Tommy, he knew that the boy would only want to help his friend, but unfortunately, he didn't feel like he could handle that. Didn't feel like he could handle the loudness, the ferocity. The way the boy would demand he take care of Tubbo with the same determination that Phil had.

It would cause Tubbo to fight back, to scream and kick and snarl. The same noises that frightened Michael. And he didn't want to frighten Michael. He flinched to himself, whimpering, remembering one of his and Tommy's talks back in Pogtopia.

"I-I'm scared Tommy- I- h-he has me near- wha- what if- what if I become just like him?"

"Bull shit Tubbo! You're nothing like him! If you're like that dick then I'm like Wilbur."

"No you aren't!"

"Then I'm not. But if I ain't Wil, then you ain't that stinky Schlatt bastard.. Got it dickhead?"

"Yeah yeah...I got it."

He didn't want to be *him*. And he wasn't. He was good to Michael. And so was Ranboo, and even Tommy. It was nice, having Tommy back, having Tommy able to help look after his best friend's kid.

Back then, Tubbo wouldn't have trusted *TOMMY* with a kid as far as he could throw the little shit. Hell, he wouldn't have even trusted himself with a kid. But now? Tommy was used to younger kids, since he was the resident babysitter.

And even if Tommy wouldn't admit it, he liked the kid. It was evident in the way Tommy would scowl in embarrassment, and yet just as easily have *Clementine* help him create a distraction for the boy with his magic if he started getting antsy. In the way Tommy would grumble at having to sit the boy on his hip, and yet give him a piggyback ride should he so desire.

And Michael? He *adored* Tommy. The second Tommy's name left either his or Ranboo's mouth, Michael was squealing and snorting excitedly, chattering in Piglin, trying desperately to look for the boy. Tubbo had even caught him calling Tommy 'mom' once or twice, and they always made Tommy argue it was 'just because he wasn't able to say 'Tom' like a big man'.

But Tubbo wasn't stupid enough to not see the grin on Tommy's face, the way his tail wagged excitedly and the way his grumbling hid his purrs. He adored Michael just as much as Michael did him.

Tubbo sighed, opening the door quietly. He relaxed, feeling the cool air that typically circulated around dawn push against his skin, ruffling his hair. The ram hybrid huffed, before walking down the stone stairs to the town.

It was silent; barely any of the guards were out and about, though he assumed there wasn't much need for intense dawn patrols. If there were any they were probably around more on the outskirts, and since they had their wall, many people couldn't get in.

Tubbo continued walking, adjusting his jacket, burying his head almost into the fluffy collar. He knew they were safe here, and in a way, Tubbo liked that. He liked that Ranboo finally was safe from that psycho's control. He liked that Michael had friends, and a place he could grow up. Grow up without fear of being hurt, grow up where people could protect him.

But at the same time, Tubbo didn't know if *he* could feel safe. Not the way he was now. He needed to do *something*. Something that would help him, something that could *calm* him.

His ears twitched, hearing growling. Slipping through, his eyes widened, catching the familiar light blue hair of one of the guards. Katelyn, he recalled from Tommy. She had gauntlets resting on a barrel beside her, training with her fists. Tubbo walked forward, curiously. Katelyn huffed, panting as she wiped her hands, looking aside.

“What are you doing up this early?” Her voice was rough, per usual, but held a gentle, concerned tone. Tubbo shrugged.

“Couldn’t sleep.”

Katelyn nodded, turning back to the dummy.

And something clicked in Tubbo’s brain. Something that he didn’t think he’d feel, or see in a healthy way.

An outlet.

He moved forward, catching her fist in his hand. Katelyn blinked down at the shorter boy, tilting her head.

“What in the damn nether do you think you’re doing?”

“Teach me how you fight.”

Katelyn blinked. She moved back, rubbing her fist. “Come again?”

“Teach me...how you fight.” Now she definitely heard him.

Katelyn stood there in shock, looking at the ram hybrid. “Do you know what you’re asking for?” She whispered. Tubbo looked up at her, ears back as stared into her eyes. He knew that he trusted them, he did. They would sooner lay down their lives to protect him, but he trusted himself more.

“I am. Teach me how you fight. With my fists. I don’t have my nukes anymore, and I don’t know your redstone capabilities here. I need to protect them.”

“You’ll be waking up at dawn each morning for training. You will meet me in the clearing nearby here. Are you ready for it?” Tubbo looked aside, and nodded. Katelyn nodded as well.

“First, to test how good you are.” She walked to the centre of the training yard, gesturing for Tubbo to come as well, as she brought her fists up.

“Come at me then.”

Tubbo grinned.

And he lunged.

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“Concentrate damnit!” Katelyn yelled, dodging yet another one of Tubbo’s fists, grabbing his arm. She twisted it behind his back, kicking him forward.

“I AM!” Tubbo screamed, snarling as he lunged at her, the blue-nette using his sloppiness to step aside, throwing him down.

“I thought you said you wanted to protect them! You’ve been training for weeks and only sometimes have you managed to knock me back! Don’t you want them to survive!?”

“OF COURSE I DO!”

“THEN WHY ARE YOU HOLDING BACK!?”

“I’M NOT!” Tubbo screamed, pushing himself up. Before he could get to his feet, Katelyn put a foot on his back, eyes narrow.

“YES YOU ARE! NOW WHY!?”

“BECAUSE I’M STILL AFRAID!” Tubbo screamed, tears in his eyes. He panted, heavily, as the guard lifted her foot up. He looked aside, whimpering. “I-I’m still afraid. What if this isn’t enough!? I need more! I need my armour back! I need to make more weapons! I need things that not even *DREAM* can fight against!”

Katelyn sat down, gesturing for Tubbo to join her. He moved over, sitting. Katelyn looked down.

“I have five brothers. They were why I joined the Jury of Nine. Zane threatened them. I don’t know where they are. Then I had a friend, Jeffory.” She stood, gesturing for Tubbo to take place beside her, bringing up his fists, practising stances.

“He let Aphmau go, interfering with Zane’s plans. So-” The guard swung in the air- “He killed him. I was prepared to *die* for Jeffory, and when I joined Aphmau’s guard here, made my friends, and Zane threatened it- I didn’t think *I* was strong enough!”

She turned, punching a tree. “We were on an island, I had to protect my friends, and some imp transformed into Jeffory. And I *FROZE!*”

Tubbo looked aside, eyes widening as he caught tears dripping down her face. “I *froze* ... because I was prepared to die for him...and I had lost him. And I was scared.”

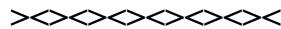
Katelyn looked aside. “Fear. It doesn’t weaken you. It makes you stronger. You don’t need more weapons. You just need to believe that you’re strong enough, even with that fear. You aren’t protecting them alone. Why did you fight in a war?” She frowned at the way Tubbo winced (he hadn’t expected her to know, then again, Tommy probably told them everything).

“I did it for Tommy. Everything I did was for Tommy. Then it was Phil, and Fundy, and Michael, and Boo.”

Katelyn nodded. “You have something to live for. To fight for. But you won’t learn if you aren’t willing to *trust* me. To trust where you’re getting the skills from.” The guard sighed, starting to walk back to the town. “I’m going to tell you the same thing I told Tommy when he asked for training.”

She looked aside, her blue eyes glittering sadly.

“Come to me when you’re ready.”



The ram hybrid sat on the side of his bed. Ranboo was out with Tommy and Michael, helping babysit Levin and Malachi as well. His head in his hands, he tried to make sense of Katelyn’s words from days ago.

“Come to me when you’re ready.”

Ready to what? Fight? Trust? But how...how could he? Tubbo sighed, ears twitching as he heard voices upstairs. Aphmau.

If Katelyn had once been against her, then how did she trust her not to betray the town? The hybrid stood, walking upstairs, one of her dogs beside her barking in order to alert her.

The lord looked aside, caramel eyes shining softly. “Tubbo. What is it?”

“I...I have a question.”

“Is this to do with your training with Katelyn?” Tubbo tensed, eyes widening.

“How did you-”

She chuckled. “Tommy saw you once when he was on a dawn patrol with Aaron. He was proud of you.”

“Damn emotional bastard...” Tubbo scoffed, but he couldn’t hide the smile on his face. Aphmau chuckled. “But- yeah...how-...” The teen looked up, ears back, his blue eyes glittering with curiosity. “How did you learn to trust Katelyn? Or- any of them for that matter!”

Aphmau’s eyes saddened, but she smiled, sitting down beside the hybrid at the table. “Well- at first, when she arrived, we didn’t trust Katelyn as far as we could throw her...but...then when she learned the truth, she knew she was fighting for the wrong side.’

‘Of course, that didn’t mean everyone trusted at first. It wasn’t really until she lifted her blade for us against Zane, willingly losing the powers of the Jury...that I started to consider her a friend. That’s the thing with trust. It goes both ways.” Aphmau smiled, chuckling.

“If I don’t trust her to help protect the town, lift her weapons for me, then how can she trust me to do the same? That’s like it with everyone here who swore to do their duty, they have to trust me to do the same.”

“But-” Tubbo fiddled with his wedding ring- “isn’t that their duty?”

“Yes. But there’s a difference between doing something because it is your duty, and doing something because...you want to.” Aphmau smiled softly, looking aside to him. “You remind me of Tommy when he first came here.”

Tubbo blinked, looking up.

“He didn’t really trust any of us...it’s understandable, what you all have been through...”

Tubbo swallowed, shaking his head. “I trust you. I do.”

“You trust *me* . And Zoey, There’s a difference between people. You trust us because of Tommy. You don’t trust the guards because of what you have been through with authorities.

You just need...time. Time to process.” Tubbo’s eyes glistened thoughtfully, looking down. The lord smiled, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder.

“I’ll be in the garden with Zoey if you need me.” Tubbo nodded, looking down as Aphmau walked out, closing the door gently behind her.

And he was left alone.

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The cool wind of the early stretches of morning breezed past, ruffling the ram hybrid’s hair. He kept walking, eyes narrowed and determined. He caught sight of the blue-haired guard, still using the training yard like she had been, except this time she was using her gauntlets.

She looked aside, raising an eyebrow at the teen. “What is it?”

Tubbo looked aside, before back at her. “I’m ready.”

“Are you?” Katelyn folded her arms. “You need to trust what I will be teaching you. You need to trust *me*.”

Tubbo swallowed, looking aside. He’d trusted the wrong people all his life, but he’d been here sometimes. He’d been here for Tommy. He knew these people, maybe not as well as his friend, but something told him they were safe. It had been telling him for days, and all he’d done was shut it up.

Now it was time to listen.

He looked up, the fear finally leaving his sight.

“I trust you.

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Tubbo smiled, watching as Ranboo picked their son up from playing with Aphmau’s dogs, now fast asleep, his hooved hands clinging softly to his father. Ranboo purred softly, nudging his husband.

“You okay?”

Tubbo looked aside. “Yeah...for once I feel great.” The training had helped him. He felt strong enough to help protect them, and his mind was no longer clouded, not like when he was in that bunker. He felt Ranboo shift in beside him, adjusting Michael carefully so he could hold the two of them, while the toddler nestled between them.

“Tubs?” Ranboo murmured.

“Mmm?” Tubbo looked aside, smiling softly. Ranboo looked down, his ears flopping.

“I...I like it here. A lot.” He swallowed, whimpering quietly.

“I don’t want to leave Tubbo. I don’t want to leave this place, I don’t want to leave my past. I don’t want to leave Tommy.”

Tubbo looked down for a few moments, before entwining his hand with Ranboo’s, their rings brushing against each other. “You really see a home here?”

Ranboo blinked, his eyes shining. “Yeah...Yeah I do.”

And for the first time in a long time, Tubbo smiled; a genuine, bright smile, as he snuggled close to his husband.

“Good.”

“Because I do too.”

Chapter End Notes

Woo!!! As I said ages ago at the start of this, Tubbo and Ranboo's arc is FAR shorter than Tommy's is. While Tommy truly needed a lot of healing, Tubs and Ran are different. Tubbo has been here before and knows people, he just needed time to process what had happened and how things will change now, and Ran- well he knows now that he was from here, he wants to BE here. Also I hope you enjoy this little bit of warmth and healing because- heh- it's gonna be the last you see of it for a little. We get to the L O R E next time. The story will finally begin. At least...one arc will.

Hope you guys enjoy, and I'll see you all next chapter!

Hello? (I Watch You Come and Go)

Chapter Summary

What was this? Where was He?

Who was He?

[Chapter Title from 'Neglected Space' by Imogen Heap]

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait, Brownie and I had to write this together! But it's here finally! Shorter by a little than the other chapters but that's the whole point. Also please read the end notes because it'll explain- the sort of feel for this chapter!

Enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This wasn't his time...how did he get here?

He doesn't know Where he is, and yet he felt like he *should* know where he is. This place felt like... like *Home*. Or at least...a *piece* of it did. It resonated with something, something foreign and new and yet familiar and old all the same, something *within* - Him? Was it even Him? It felt like Him. It felt like himself yet a stranger and he never truly knows who he is these days without the little reminders, the *Rings* and the journals and He can't Forget *Them* he can't, he isn't complete without them they fill the void in his chest that means *somethings missing something lost* that he can't ever get back because they are *gone* they are *nothing* and it's all because of Her - it's all Her fault She did this to Him *She did this to THEM why would She allow that to happen-*

He loved them, he loved them so much and yet he can barely remember their faces, barely remember the last time he saw them the last time they touched the last time *they were alive*. They were his everything even if some part of him was missing and he doesn't think he has his all to give them. But he doesn't *know* what's missing, all he has and all he is are the remains of a fob watch, smashed and broken and *why was it broken it wasn't supposed to be broken some of it is missing where is it he needs the other pieces*.

He doesn't remember when he got the watch, he doesn't remember a time before having it. He doesn't remember *Time*, but he remembers *something*. He remembered Freedom, he remembered Joy, remembered Love and Safety and *Anger* and *Betrayal* and *Grief*, *oh so much grief*. He remembered *Friends*, and yet he could not pin a name, could not pin a face to the emotions he was feeling and by the *Gods* did he just want a *bloody answer to something!*

Everything was White, Colourless, Empty. He was alone yet there is a voice; a voice he can't hear and yet there is a pounding, a pounding in his head like someone is *trying someone is trying to talk to him but he can't hear them? Why can't He hear Them?* Is he loud enough? He's screaming, he can feel his throat burning and tearing and *breaking* He can feel the chords pulling and yet *he isn't heard. Why isn't He heard?* He's begging for him to hear him to hear the answers he has and to ask the questions he needs.

He knows that They are connected, there is *something* that ties them, like a coil of invisible string around their necks and their heads and *His thoughts are his thoughts His feelings are his feelings and yet they are Different they are not the Same but they should be Why are they not the Same- why aren't they His?* He **wanders**. His hands trace the white- *the empty why is it empty- quartz columns and engravings decorating this vast space, this white unseemly void that envelops him in a warm Embrace one moment and pushes him away like a scorned Lover the next. Needy and Biting and Hateful and Tender.*

Those aren't His hands and yet they are his hands; He begs Silently (no one can seem to Hear Him here anyway) for a body of water, something to Look into, to Understand why He feels this way, so in tune with his body and yet as though He is a Stranger looking through Mirrors that are not His but there is nothing why is there Nothing there should be Something this was made for Something it was made for Him why is it falling apart why is it White it's Empty why is it Empty oh Gods what has happened why can't he Remember what is He kept from Remembering!? He claws violently at the vast space around Him, hoping that perhaps he can Break it, Tear a hole do something that will help Him reach through, to Call out for Help for *Them for Anybody for these People tied to Emotions he feels yet doesn't know WHY He feels-*

He holds his head, wincing. He thought he had more time before another Headache, before those Journeys took another toll on his already crumbling Psyche. Before all those People those Emotions and the Fights and the Death *oh Gods how many times has He died it felt like Routine at this point-* he sighed, putting his hands in his Head. The pounding subsided, allowing him to continue **wandering** without the Pain that caused him to stumble and ache. With the Pain came forgetting though, and with forgetting came lost time and a step closer to what he can only assume is his End. It hurt too bad to be anything other than his End that it was leading towards. He worried about...about, *about about about ABOUT-*

The names slipped through his fingers, not like sand, never like sand. Sand was too gentle; it was more like shards of glass to match his shattered memories. Shards that cut into His hands and Bled, they Bled and taunted him with the Ones he Forgot *and he was Sorry he didn't mean to Forget them he just wanted to Be with Them again He wanted them to Love he wanted to Smile again it had been so Long since he had seen Their smiles- since he had Felt his Own Smile-* Who were they? He needed to get his book but where was it? Where had... his name. What was his name? He..... it's not there. Not within the safe confines of his pockets, under his Jacket where he made sure to keep it Safe- Safe so that he could Remember before the Journey he had been on would be Erased he couldn't Forget- *why did He hurt? Why was his Head hurting was he Crying what was going on Where was he Who was He what was He here for what was his Purpose- He didn't Know oh Gods he didn't KNOW-*

Oh no *oh no oh no*

Where was it he couldn't remember he lost it what was he looking for, what was ... oh... whose book is this?

If you're reading this, your name is Karl, and you are a Time Traveller.

Chapter End Notes

So! To explain! If this chapter feels messier and like there are pieces missing that we haven't included; GOOD. That is the whole point! It is meant to feel like pieces are missing. Don't worry, this doesn't mean that paragraphs will randomly show up in other chapters just that- it's meant to be shorter and feel incomplete but rest assured, it is.

This chapter is a stepping stone for a BIG part of the lore for this plot so please make sure you pay attention. Please leave your theories in comments Brownie and I worked hard for almost 2 hours on this and staring at our screens in dissociating confusion so we would love to see your theories on this chapter!

Rest assured there shouldn't be such a large break for Chapter 10 as it is back to just me writing! And the other lore can officially begin ;)

Enjoy!

Did You Miss Me? (Did You Really Think That I Was Done?)

Chapter Summary

Aphmau gets a letter from the Southern Wolf Tribe requesting her help. Tommy gets to experience his first journey outside of Phoenix Drop.

But none are prepared for what they will face.

[Chapter Title from 'Did You Miss Me? (I'm a Veronica)' by The Veronicas]

Chapter Notes

WELCOME BACK!!! Chapter 10 is here! And the lore finally gets to begin~ *cackles* I have been SO EXCITED for this chapter and now it's ready! So strap in, and enjoy!

One thing I do want to mention is Lowell from Diaries is in this chapter! In S3 he is given a human form that is shown when Katelyn is talking about the Dragon Ward, so he has that! Because in S2 he is almost fully grown cos werewolves age differently so I can do what I want- XD

Enjoy..~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Yeah! Kick his ass!” Tommy jeered, cackling from where he was leaning against the fence around the guard’s training area, Tubbo and Ranboo nearby, having been invited to watch by Tommy. The hybrid had been excited as of late, with Tubbo and Ranboo revealing to the teen that they wanted to *stay*. They wanted to remain in Phoenix Drop, feeling like they could finally relax, moreso than they had in Snowchester, but they also wanted to be close to Tommy.

They were still living in his parents’ home for now, but they had talked to Aphmau about it, who had asked Brenden, Corey, and other builders in the town to help make them a home. Both Tubbo and Ranboo had tried to say they could make their own or have one already standing, but Tommy knew his mother. She wasn’t going to budge.

For now, Tommy was training with the others, though he was currently watching Aaron and Garroth spar, their swords clashing wildly, sending sparks flying. Garroth and Aaron were fairly matched, that is, if Aaron didn’t use his enhanced strength due to the werewolf blood that ran through him, which the guard typically didn’t when it came to sparring.

However, the test was cut short by a loud and shrill roar. Tommy jumped, looking up, and his eyes widened. A creature the size of an eagle flew down, with shimmering golden scales and piercing black eyes. Garroth turned and smiled, extending an arm, allowing the creature to land on his arm.

“There you are Raven..!” Garroth smiled, taking the letter that seemed to be within the creature’s jaws. It was then that Tommy remembered; Garroth had mentioned a pet called ‘Raven’ that was used to send and deliver letters, typically addressed to Aphmau, but he hadn’t expected it to be the so-called ‘wyverns’ he’d heard so much about (In truth, he’d expected it to be a Raven and Garroth to just be very shit at naming things).

Raven seemed to huff, flying back up almost immediately. Tommy snorted.

“I don’t think he likes you big man.”

Garroth laughed, his blue eyes shining. “Raven just doesn’t tend to remain around very long. He’s always close enough to be called though.”

Aaron put his sword on his back, ears twitching. “Whose it from?”

“Bodolf.”

Tommy blinked, sharing a confused look with Tubbo and Ranboo. “Who?”

“Ah, right. You haven’t exactly left Phoenix Drop.” Garroth chuckled. “Bodolf is a werewolf. He’s the leader of a werewolf tribe close by the town of Bright Port. Aphmau helped them a couple years ago, and from the sounds of it, she’s needed again.” Garroth folded the letter back up, walking out of the training yard. He grinned, clapping Laurance on the back.

“How about you take my place huh?”

“WHY ME!?”

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Tommy yawned as he walked up to the door, opening it quietly. Aaron had been giving him more evening patrols as of late, but he didn’t particularly mind. They were always after dinner, which meant he still got to spend enough time with his family.

When he came back however, the fireplace was still crackling gently, and Aphmau looked up from where she was sitting on the couch, the letter from earlier firmly in her grip. Her brows were furrowed, as though she was concerned, confused and in thought all in one.

“Mom?” Tommy murmured. From how quiet the home was, he assumed Levin, Malachi, and Tubbo and Ranboo were already asleep. “Everything okay?”

“Huh? Yeah, I’m just...I forgot about the Phoenix Alliance.”

“The what?” Tommy sat beside her.

“Well...you remember how that-... *Zane* attacked this town?” Tommy shuddered. He knew. Dale had drunkenly told Tommy tales far too often to be natural. It was a battle that caused Garroth to turn away ashamed and Brian to start shaking, to stand and leave immediately once it was brought up, shame and guilt evident on his face.

“The Battle for Phoenix Drop, right?”

Aphmau nodded. “Well- on that day, myself, the lord of Bright Port, Hayden; the lord of Meteli and Cadenza’s father, and Bodolf, alpha of the Southern Wolf Tribe, all created the Phoenix Alliance. A small alliance of certain towns in order to create allies in case anything happened like this again. Since then, Nicole’s father also joined the alliance, upon realising his mistake. The alliance states that we are to help each other in times of war, send supplies or soldiers if the need shall arise, and we will always be available to help if it is needed.”

Tommy nodded, his ears going back. “And- you forgot?”

Aphmau chuckled. “Things have been peaceful, Tommy.”

“Well- how do you know this isn’t- like a fuckin- courtesy call?”

Aphmau laughed, her caramel eyes shining as she handed the note to Tommy. It was neat, but still had a sort of shake to it.

‘Sister Aphmau. My son Lowell is writing this for me, as he is the only werewolf to have gained the ability to become human in my tribe. I am writing to you because something has happened, something that I believe only you can help us with.

You once helped us long ago with issues regarding our Nether Portal. It is with a heavy heart that I ask for your help here again. A few days ago, we sent in werewolves to keep an eye on it, as we have been, to make sure no Shadow Knights use it to leave and cause damage once again. When we had, we discovered that it had changed. Strange, red vines have started to emerge from it, creeping around the portal.

Any werewolf who spends a long enough time in there starts to feel sick, and the werewolves that went in since attacked the tribe, unprovoked, and ran through the portal. We have not found them. I have since banned any werewolf from going in, though my son seems to be fine, as he has checked on it multiple times since it's discovery. I believe it is because he is a pure werewolf pup, but I also thank the Lunar Goddess for protecting him.

I ask of you to come to the tribe, as soon as possible. Bring that tainted guard with you, that Shadow Knight. Perhaps he knows something that could explain this. Please arrive as soon as you can.

- Bodolf, alpha of the Southern Wolf Tribe'

Tommy leaned back, sighing. He looked over to his mother. "So...when are you going?"

"Tomorrow. This must be sorted as soon as possible. If it is affecting Nether Portals, then we need to be ahead of it, and send letters to other members of the Alliance, so that they can keep an eye on their own portals should they have or find them." She looked aside, moving her black hair from her face. "I wanted to ask if you would want to come with me."

Tommy looked up in surprise, his blue eyes shining. "Uh- what?"

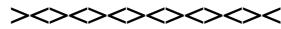
She chuckled. "Do you want to come with me? You can't stay in Phoenix Drop your whole life, and you're a guard. You may be needed somewhere else if guards are asked for. And well- you can only handle so much of one thing. I planned on taking Aaron alongside Laurance, and since Aaron is your mentor, I thought-"

"- *Fuck yeah!*" Tommy laughed, cutting his mother off. Tail wagging, he hugged her tightly. "Thank you! I-I'll do my best!"

Aphmau chuckled. "I know you will. Now go get some rest Tommy, and I'll meet you at the docks tomorrow morning, first thing." She planted a gentle kiss to the top of Tommy's head, the raccoon hybrid eagerly heading upstairs, hugging the fae familiar that had since fallen asleep, curled up in her larger form on his bed. *Clementine* yowled in protest, growling at the sudden movement.

"Sorry girl!" Tommy grinned, quickly getting into his pyjamas before flopping down. "But we get to leave tomorrow! We get to leave the town! This'll be awesome!"

Of course, there was a nagging voice at the back of Tommy's mind, a voice that chittered and hissed, telling him to be careful, that this was wrong, something bad was coming. But the teen didn't listen, only quickly let himself fall asleep, excitement still bursting in his chest.



Tommy's tail wagged as he basically ran downstairs. Aphmau was still there, hugging Levin and Malachi tightly. Tubbo looked aside, punching Tommy's arm.

"Make sure you don't die or anything bossman." He teased, though his eyes held gleams of worry and fear. After all, he'd thought he'd lost Tommy before, and now he well and truly *could*.

Tommy scoffed, hugging Tubbo tightly. "I'm big man Tommy Innit!" He laughed. "I'll be great!" He glared up at Ranboo. "Make sure you don't break anything. Including him." He pointed at Tubbo, earning a shriek from the ram hybrid. Ranboo rolled his eyes, tail flicking as he purred.

"Be careful Toms." Tommy smiled, almost crashing into them as Levin and Malachi hugged him tightly. Tommy chuckled, bending down to bring his brothers close.

"Promise you'll come back?" Malachi whispered, clinging to him tightly. Levin whimpered, nodding.

"Come back! With mommy!"

"I will." Tommy smiled, his ears twitching as he heard the familiar whine and snort of the toddler that rested in Ranboo's arms. The raccoon hybrid sighed, ruffling the little pigling's hair.

"Yeah yeah, I'll miss you too..." He huffed, trying his best to hide the soft smile on his face (spoiler alert; he was not good at hiding it). Lastly, Zoey hugged her son tightly.

"Make sure to look after your mother, and remember your training."

Aphmau sighed. "We're just going to investigate love." She kissed Zoey softly, brushing the hair from her face. "Not a battle."

"And how many times have you ended up engaging in one?" The elf huffed, putting her hands on her hips. When the answer she got was Aphmau's embarrassed silence, she smiled. "That's what I thought."

Tommy snickered. He enjoyed seeing his moms' banter together. He nudged Zoey, smiling. "I'll look after her mom." He whispered, earning a relieved smile.

“Alright, alright. Come on Tommy.” The hybrid grinned, making sure his sword and familiar were with him, and eagerly ran after his mother.

He followed Aphmau down to the docks, where Aaron and Laurance were waiting, a ship there for them. Laurance’s blue eyes shone as he ruffled Tommy’s hair.

“You ready for your first adventure outside of Phoenix Drop?”

“Fuck yeah!” Tommy laughed, immediately racing onto the ship. He’d never been on one before. He wondered if it was like how Puffy described it, sailing on the open seas. Aaron laughed, helping Aphmau on board as she took the helm. Tommy bounced, looking around excitedly. *Clementine* remained silent on his shoulder, but he could even sense her excitement as she occasionally flew beside the ship.

His eyes widened as he saw the town in the distance, a large cobblestone pathway led up the mountain to the town, a dock at the end. “Is that the tribe!?”

Aaron laughed. “No. That’s the town of Bright Port. The tribe is near the town. But we need to go through the town to get there.”

“It wouldn’t hurt to check how they’re going.” Laurance commented, walking onto the dock with the others.

“Exactly.” Aphmau smiled, walking up the stairs with them. They were greeted with a female guard, with long blonde hair and dark blue eyes. She smiled, walking over to them, immediately hugging the lord.

“Lord Aphmau!” She laughed, earning one from Aphmau in kind.

“Azura, it’s good to see you! How is the town, and Lord Burt?” Azura’s eyes saddened, as she sighed weakly.

“The town is perfectly fine, as for Burt, he-...still hasn’t woken up. The town is starting to lose hope. They’ve named me the temporary leader of this town until he wakes up or I actually choose a new lord. What about Phoenix Drop?” The guard’s gaze landed on Tommy, eyes widening in surprise.

“Good. And this is Tommy,” Aphmau rested a hand on his shoulder, “he’s the newest addition to my family, and currently a guard in training.” Azura chuckled, nodding her head.

“Well, it’s good to meet you.” Tommy grinned, the guard looking back to the lord. “What brings you to Bright Port?”

“Ah, we’re here to see the wolf tribe actually. Bodolf had a letter sent to us, he’s having problems with their Nether Portal, apparently.” Azura’s brow furrowed as she nodded.

“His son Lowell was here not that long ago. Asked if anything strange had happened, and told us to be careful. So, be careful, and I’ll be in town if you need me.”

Aphmau smiled, nodding her head as Azura walked off. She nudged Tommy, leading him through the town out to the forest. His blue eyes widened, glistening as he looked about. The hay huts were above the mountain, fires crackling.

“Awesome...” He whispered. Aphmau smiled.

“It is, isn’t it?” She walked up, eyes widening as a teen boy raced over to them, white hair flicking in front of his face, yellow eyes shining.

“SISTER APHMAU!” The teen laughed, tail wagging. “It’s me! Lowell!! I got a human form!” He cackled, racing about excitedly. “Mom and Dad said it was because of how close I am to human towns as well, so it helps me interact with them better!”

Aphmau chuckled, smiling. “Look at you Lowell...! Amazing!” Lowell cackled, eyes shining as he landed on Tommy.

“Hi! Who are you?”

“I’m Tommy!” The raccoon hybrid huffed, stepping back a little. This- Lowell reminded him a little of Yip, though he seemed a lot more energetic and rambunctious.

“This is Tommy, my son. He only came here about a year ago.”

“Cool...! It’s great to meet you!” Lowell’s tail wagged, and slowly, Tommy felt himself start to get excited as well, before Aaron planted a hand on his shoulder.

“Aphmau.”

“Right,” Aphmau turned, sighing. “Lowell, could you take us to your father please?” Lowell immediately straightened up, his loose and relaxed energetic self turning into a more serious one, his yellow eyes focusing as he nodded.

“Yep. Through here.” Lowell led them through the tribe, many werewolves bowing their heads in greeting. He brought them to a larger den, where two fully formed werewolves

stood. Unlike Aaron and Lowell, they were larger, similar to how Logan looked, both with brown fur and red eyes, though one appeared shorter and with darker fur.

“Sister Aphmau.” The larger one spoke, with a deeper voice. “I’m glad you arrived.”

“Bodolf, Khira, it’s good to see everything’s okay. Well- aside from the portal. Have you found those werewolves yet?” Before Bodolf could respond, the shorter one nodded.

“We have...we have...we have not, sister Aphmau.” Her voice was quieter, with a gentle stutter to it. Lowell walked over to them, shifting into a full beast like them, though he was a pure white wolf. “I am...I am...I am thankful that Lowell seems to be okay.”

Bodolf nodded. “Every other wolf has been banned from the cavern. The vines don’t seem to reach outside of it, they don’t even really leave the portal space.”

Laurance cleared his throat. “I’ve never heard of anything like that from other Shadow Knights...then again, I haven’t really been around the nether for...almost years now. I haven’t felt anything or seen or heard-...anything.”

Bodolf nodded, sighing. “I was afraid of that. But I had hoped you may know something.”

Tommy stood by as Aphmau looked up. “We can still see if we can figure *something* out. Lowell, do you mind showing us?” Lowell turned, tail wagging as he shifted back, nodding.

“Uh huh! Follow me!” Tommy’s arms were folded, eyes narrowing in suspicion as he followed Aaron, Laurance and Aphmau behind the albino wolf to a cavern near the edge of their tribe. Upon walking in, Tommy’s eyes widened.

There was a Nether Portal surrounded by a shallow pool of water, with a sun symbol and a moon symbol on the left and right sides. It was still the shimmering purple Tommy remembered, but it was strange.

The water was almost reddish black in colour, and looked more like a thickening ichor than water. Thick, red vines coiled around the edges of the portal, and the teen shuddered, able to hear sickening croons and whispers curling up the back of his neck.

The vines remained around the portal, a dark red, curled around. Bits of the cobblestone ground were red and squishy, almost like they were standing on flesh. It made Tommy’s skin crawl, and out the corner of his eye, he could see Laurance and Aaron disturbed as well. Aaron’s eyes were distant and scared, and Laurance almost looked like he was going to throw up.

The dark red spots on the ground writhed, like a newborn baby. The vines moved slowly, coiled from the roof and around the portal.

“What in Irene’s name...?” Aaron whispered, ears flat. Lowell remained near the entrance, his bright and excited demeanour dissipated as he curled in on himself.

“Exactly. It...it feels off. I don’t like it...”

“Neither do I. Laurance, do you feel anything?”

“It...it feels like the Nether. Shadow Knights, lava, fire...just- the Nether all in one.”

Aphmau huffed, starting to walk forward. Aaron’s black eyes widened, outstretching his hand. “Lord Aphmau, wait a moment-”

The ravenette lifted up a hand to silence him, her head tilting slightly. Hesitantly, she stretched out a hand. Her fingers carefully traced the edges of the portal.

And she screamed.

The vines lashed violently, and the lord screamed, curling into a tight ball, clutching her head. The portal beamed brightly. Tommy’s breathing picked up, and he ran before the others could react.

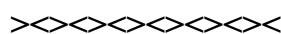
“MOM!”

The moment Tommy latched onto her arm, trying to pull her away from the portal, the vines lashed more, some slicing against him, causing the hybrid to wince, a burning sensation entering his arm and spreading through his body.

An echoing booming voice stabbed into his head, a deep and thunderous laughter, cold and dark and *victorious* .

“*I’ve found you...you really think you could hide from ME?*”

Tommy swayed, the voice piercing into him, sending a shiver down his spine. There was a spinning in his gut as his legs gave out from under him, *Clementine* making frightened squeaks as Aaron and Laurance ran forward to the both of them, before the darkness finally overcame him.



Tommy winced, flinching as his eyes adjusted. There was a shiver up his spine. As the hybrid pushed himself shakily up onto his feet, he could tell something was wrong.

“The fuck...?” Tommy looked around. It was dark, the void-like black enveloping around him in a seething hot blanket. The hybrid flinched violently as he felt embers dance on his skin, a pale reddish mist encircling around. Magma bubbled nearby, reminding him of the Nether, and for all of his strength and bravery now, the fear had started to settle.

He shuddered, hearing a deep laugh. “How curious...such a little thing...”

Tommy whirled around, ears back. “Show- Show yourself bitch!” The teen growled, trying to reach for his sword, paling.

It wasn’t there.

I don’t need it! The boy huffed, trying his best to summon the witchcraft he’d been learning to his hands, only for nothing to happen. The voice chuckled darkly, sending a shiver up his spine as the boy tried to move through the strange place, red vines he recognised from earlier curling around large and strange pillars and columns; almost like a cathedral.

“No no...this is *my* place...I can’t have you messing about here.”

“Oh yeah!? Just even more of a pussy then. Show yourself!”

“Such bravado...” The boy’s ears twitched as he heard footsteps heading towards him; heavy, like armour. Spiked body armour curled around a man’s body, deep black and red veins stretching from under his eyes, down his hands. There was a red glint to his armour, armour that Tommy recognised.

The armour of a Shadow Knight.

“Rest assured...” The man spoke, grinning, teeth sharp. His blade scraped across the ground, embers flickering. “We’ll meet again soon. There is *much* I have planned for you... *Tommy*.” As the man came into view, he smiled, eyes dark. Eyes that made Tommy freeze, fear settling in his heart.

The stranger looked up.

With Aaron's eyes.

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Tommy jolted awake, panting heavily. A familiar white haired head lifted up, a frightened look calming down on his face. Lowell put a hand on Tommy's shoulder, the other werewolf looking up from the doorway. The one Aphmau called 'Khira'.

"Woah hey!" Lowell chuckled. "Calm down Tommy! Jeez, you've been out for hours..." Khira nodded, looking down at him.

"I just...I just...I just managed to convince that werewolf to leave your side. He was...He was...He was very adamant about staying."

Tommy winced, rubbing his head. *Clementine* purred sadly, nudging herself very close into her warlock. The raccoon-hybrid scritched behind her ears to calm her.

"Where's my mom? Where is she!? Is she okay!?" Tommy tried to get up, wincing. There was a pounding, and Lowell carefully moved him back down.

"Easy Tommy...sister Aphmau is fine! She was awake much quicker than you were. She and Laurance are with my dad right now. I'll go get them!" The albino quickly ran out, narrowly dodging Aaron. The werewolf walked in, eyes widening in relief. Khira bowed her head, walking out quickly.

"Oh thank Irene, Tommy!" Aaron raced forward, hugging him tightly. Tommy flinched, pushing him back slightly. He trembled, and for a few moments the stranger was staring, smiling back at him. He shook his head, and Aaron was back, his eyes flashing with hurt. *Get over yourself damnit- he wouldn't fucking hurt you.* Tommy huffed at himself, facing Aaron again.

“Tommy? Are you- Are you okay? Irene we- we were scared.”

“I-I’m fine. What happened?”

“You went to grab Aph...then you stumbled back and collapsed. Aphmau collapsed not long after you. She woke up after about an hour, and immediately ran to find you. You scared us... scared *her*. We thought-...” Aaron shuddered, shaking his head.

“I’ll let you rest. Then I’ll bring Aphmau.” Tommy nodded, watching as the guard walked out. He hissed, gripping his right arm. A fire spread through from it, burning and almost tearing at the inside of his skin. Tensing, the teen slowly rolled up his sleeve (he’d need to repair the tear in it. Stupid fucking vines), and paled.

There was a thin scar on his arm, with gentle red vines, almost vein-like stretching out from it. Small and recoiled. He pulled his sleeve down, lying back. Clementine whimpered, frightened, curling up tightly to him.

It didn’t take long for Aphmau to come running through, her usually calm and gentle caramel eyes wide with a strange mixture of fear and relief.

“Tommy! My Irene are you okay!?” The lord raced forward, clutching the boy tightly. Tommy relaxed almost immediately, his tail curling tightly. He could feel his mother’s hands tremble as she clutched him tightly. He remembered when she seemed like that before.

When Malachi was hurt.

“I-I’m okay mom...” He sighed. He leaned against her shoulder, looking aside.

“Good. I was scared...there isn’t anything more we can do here. I’m gonna see if Emmalyn can find anything in her books about this-...stuff.”

The hybrid nodded slowly, but there was something on his mind. “Mom? Did you...hear that voice?” When the lord seized up, gripping him tighter, he had his answer. “What do you think it meant?”

Aphmau sighed. “I...I don’t know Tommy. But what I do know?” She gripped him tighter, and her next words sent ice through the boy, who in turn clung to her just as tight.

“...Our peaceful days aren’t going to last.”

Chapter End Notes

Very interesting...I'm curious to see what you guys make of this chapter! I'd love to see theories! Especially from those who are in our discord! (If you ever try the link and it doesn't work, just leave a comment and I'll refresh it plus reply with a new link. Enjoy!~ The lore finally gets to kick in, you guys won't know peace for very long >:)

See you next time!

Initium Finis

Chapter Summary

Finis venit, et omnes in tempore tremunt.

Chapter Notes

Liber erit.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You’re failing me.”

“Dream works slowly. He’s focused on controlling the Server.”

“He is a liability.”

“Then why want him free?”

“He is an important, if not insufferable piece to my game. I control He who controls that little puppet who feasts on control he merely wishes he had.”

“And what will come from You? From this gift you’ve given us?”

“Patience. The line that connects your plane to mine is thin, it is fraying. I need more energy. More energy, so that I will be able to connect the planes.”

“And what will that do to us?”

“Bring you to my domain. Where I stay, shattered, incapable of growing whole. I grow restless, weary. Give me time, let that pawn giddily do as he desires.”

“And if he grows restless?”

“Then bring him to me. I will not tolerate mistakes. Not from him, nor any of you.”

“...”

“What comes after?”

“That is nothing that is of your concern. You remain mine, understand? You know who I hold. You would do well not to step out of line.”

“I understand, Master.”

“Good. Now go. Remain with whatever it is you do.”

“Why stretch this power across? We can do this ourselves!”

“You are ambitious. But incredibly naive to believe that you alone can succeed with what I wish to do. I made you what you are, but you are still too mortal enough to even comprehend what I am. What I wish to do.”

“I am strong enough to do whatever you desire!!”

“Perhaps, but your army as a whole is not. Strong, perhaps. But you forget those who abandoned this gift. The pathetic one, who could have been so...beneficial. And that other, settled in the dungeon below. Do you really think I would trust all of you alone?”

“You are capable of pleasing me, but it is the others. Not even your power could keep them submissive.”

“And what makes you think those you refuse to tell us about won’t betray you just as easily, my Lord?”

“Hm. So small-minded, you are. Do you know how you keep someone under your control? You take something of theirs. You hold it, low enough so they feel it is just within reach, but high enough so that no matter how hard they try, there is no getting it back. You punish them by punishing what you took. They remain subservient, only to prevent what they care about from being lost, forever out of their reach.”

“And they will not use what you have given them?”

“There is no way for them to. I keep it there to gain its power back. So I can be whole. And once the planes connect, I will be whole again. And I can make them pay. I can make Her pay.”

“And you... are you done disobeying me? Done questioning your Lord’s power, his intentions!?”

“Gh- N-No- No I-I’m- I’m do-done- please-..”

“Hm. You’re lucky. If you were not my best general...I would dispose of you quickly. Or perhaps, simply remove your tongue? Don’t EVER...question my plans again. I gave you your immortality and power, and I can strip it away just as easily...”

“I-...hmpf- understood, My Lord...I’m sorry.”

“...”

“Now leave. Make sure that traitor in the cells remains weak enough so they cannot get through.”

“We have reason to believe some things may be planned below the surface, Master.”

“*Enlighten me.*”

“We have been worried for a while. There is a god here. The Undying God. We do not know if he can contact the other gods, but-”

“*He cannot. That was made sure of. But tell me...of this other plan?*”

“Dream has done-...many things, to many of the people here. I doubt they will remain quiet.”

“My sight stretches everywhere. More places than you would think. More people than you would possibly know. Would possibly comprehend. They are of no concern to me.”

“But- they know we had assisted in breaking Dream out of prison. They know we are involved- I don’t-...I don’t think I can- I don’t think I want to-”

“Would you rather I destroy him then? How pitiful of you...cowardly...though what more could I expect from you-”

“NO! N-No...please-...don’t hurt him- I-I’m sorry- I’m sorry please-...”

“Do not forget what I can do. Understand? For anything that happens to him ...is on YOU . It is your fault...”

“I-I know I-I’m sorry- I’m sorry-”

“Quit your snivelling. Hm...”

“Master?”

“Perhaps that god could be a nuisance. And I don’t want them to believe I can be trifled with...set something up.”

“Like what?”

“Decide yourself. I don’t care. Make sure they know that I am powerful. More powerful than ANYTHING they have seen.”

“Yes master. Gladly.”

“Prove to them of my strength. I am stronger than ANYTHING they’ve ever seen!! I am a GOD! And all of them will tremble at my strength! And when I rise...”

“I will burn everything, every one they love to the ground...and rebuild their world in the image it should have been.”

“Just...for ME. ”

Chapter End Notes

Et tremunt omnes ad pedes meos.

The Scheme PT. 1 (Feat. Oblivious Tommy)

Chapter Summary

Tubbo and Ranboo have a conversation about their marriage, and decide finally, that there's room for three.

But how receptive will Tommy be?

Chapter Notes

casually eyes the Platonic Bench Trio marriage tag EHEHHEHEHEHEHHE!!!

Brownie and I are big fans of Bench Trio marriage so- enjoy. Also I apologise for the lack of updates! Life hit me like a truck and proceeds to, so I lost a lot of motivation for a long time. But it's back, so enjoy part 1 of 3 of some warm fluff before going back to our plot XD. Have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Hey Boo?” Tubbo was leaning against his partner’s chest, Michael fast asleep on the bed beside them. Even though they were now moved into their new home, Michael was still struggling getting used to his new bedroom, and more than often would start off in Tubbo and Ranboo’s. The enderian’s ears twitched, knocking him from his half-asleep trance.

“Huh? What?”

Tubbo looked aside, his ears going down. “Tommy’s been off since he and the others came back from that werewolf tribe...” Ranboo sighed in agreement. Tubbo had been among the first to notice Tommy’s minute shaking. His blue eyes held a strange sort of fear, and he’d been silent and distracted for the past few days since they’d come back.

Aphmau had tried talking to him occasionally, and Tommy would flash a shaky smile and say he was late to training with either Aaron or Lucinda. Tubbo was worried. He remembered what happened last time Tommy hid something. And while Tubbo couldn’t help with whatever was going on...there was something *else* on his mind, something that might help Tommy feel like he had more people to lean on.

“Yeah...I’m worried...why do you bring it up Bee?”

Tubbo swallowed, looking up at his husband, fiddling with the ring that rested on his finger. “I want Tommy to join our marriage.” Ranboo blinked a couple times, his ears rising in shock. And though he looked surprised, he did not seem opposed to the idea.

“Wha- What brought this on!?”

“I just- when we first did all this...I couldn’t help but wish that Tommy had been there, because I care for him as much as I do you...and- with what he’s going through now, it could help y’know? To know he has people to fall back on...it could distract him, help him. Plus,” Tubbo gestured to Michael. “Michael fuckin’ adores him...you know he’s called Tommy ‘mom’ on multiple occasions.”

Ranboo smiled, chuckling. He purred happily, curling up as his fingers laced with his partner’s. “I’ll be honest, having Tommy with us too doesn’t sound that bad...”

“Right!?” Tubbo leaned back proudly. “I’m so fuckin’ smart.”

“Uh- I wouldn’t go that far.”

“Wha- oh screw you bossman!” Tubbo huffed, hitting him in his chest, earning an ‘oomph’ from the taller teen. Ranboo chuckled, sighing.

“So how do we do this?”

“Uh- I don’t know. I don’t wanna take Tommy by surprise...so maybe not ask him straight up...”

“So like- dates?”

“YES!” Tubbo’s eyes glistened as he shook his husband excitedly. “Perfect! Oh I already have ideas!” Tubbo cackled, tensing as the small form beside them whimpered and started to wake up. Ranboo snorted, immediately turning over.

“Good luck getting him back to sleep.”

“Ah shit- oh wait! No! Don’t go to sleep- oh you bitch. Come here Michael, it’s okay.”

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Tommy yawned, jumping a little as there was a gentle slap on his wrist. Lucinda was staring at him, her crimson eyes glittering with worry.

“Tommy... I’m really worried about you.” She murmured softly. “That’s the third time this week you’ve blanked out and almost poured too much wolfsbane into potions. Even when it doesn’t *call* for it!”

Tommy rubbed the back of his neck, *Clementine* nudging him supportively. “Sorry-... I haven’t been sleeping much lately.” *At least I’m not exactly lying*, Tommy mused. Ever since he’d had that first interaction, he was scared of going back to sleep, in case he’d end up back in that awful place. He’d been keeping an eye on his arm, and was relieved to see the red veins had disappeared.

But with the disappearance of that stress (a stress that he could understand with how worried Aphmau was recently), came all of that lost sleep and paranoia creeping up on him.

Lucinda sighed, running a hand through her hair. “In that case, I think we should stop lessons for a while. Until you’ve caught up on sleep again. You can still practise on your own, but-...our lessons together will slow down, just til you feel better.”

Tommy smiled, ears rising. He was thankful to have people that understood. He knew Lucinda would talk to Aphmau and Zoey about it, but they wouldn’t actively ask anything if they felt Tommy wasn’t ready. It was why he loved them.

“Yeah...” He looked aside, giving a quick hug to the witch as he walked downstairs. “Thanks ‘Cinda...”

“Don’t thank me, just take care of yourself.” Tommy nodded, giving a wave as he opened the door and walked out.

And immediately slammed into the shorter ram hybrid who had been just about to knock on the door. Tubbo in turn stumbled back, knocking Ranboo down as well (thankfully the enderian stopped himself before he landed in the lake down the hill). Tommy blinked a couple times, the raccoon-hybrid tilting his head to the side.

“Tubbo? Ranboo? The fuck are you two doing out here?”

“Well it’s good to see you too bossman.” Tubbo scoffed, his eyes shining teasingly, causing the teen to roll his eyes, his fae familiar curled up around his shoulders, starting to fall asleep. “We were looking for you!”

“Why?”

“Why?” Tubbo blinked a few times, before grabbing Tommy’s hand tightly. “Cos we were planning on having a picnic!”

“Okay- wait-” Tommy tilted his head, barely able to have a response before the tough shorter teen pulled him through the forest after getting over Lucinda’s unique floating path- “where’s Michael? You never leave him alone.”

“Oh- Zoey offered to look after him.” Ranboo smiled, his tail flicking. Tommy tilted his head to the side. Both Tubbo and Ranboo looked *very* excited for some unknown reason.

“Uh-...alright- jeez slow down!” Tommy yelled, seeming to end in a laugh as Tubbo yanked on his arm (and for a moment the hybrid thought the shorter teen would have pulled his arm out of his socket), dragging him further through the forest, while Ranboo sighed softly, following after the two of them.

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Tommy blinked as he was dragged over to a hill, which was already set up with a picnic, nestled comfortably in the shade of a few overhanging trees, the view overstretching towards the ocean. The blonde’s eyes narrowed as Ranboo sat comfortably down, starting to dig through the basket beside it.

“You sitting down Toms?” Tubbo grinned, flopped dramatically into his husband’s side, earning a loud shout from him.

Tommy blinked slowly, before gingerly making his way over. He sat down on the blanket, head tilting to the side. “So- what’s this about? Did my moms put you up to this?” His eyes narrowed. Since he and the others had come back from the werewolf tribe, he knew he’d started to close up again, hiding things.

Both he and Aphmau had been. He knew she hadn’t told Zoey all of it, wanting to keep the town from entering a mass hysteria like they had before during the War for Phoenix Drop. Especially since this time they didn’t know what was happening.

Tubbo huffed, his ears going down as he dragged Tommy over to the two of them, pulling him down so he could fiddle with his hair.

“Nope! We just wanted to spend some time with ya big man!” Tubbo shared a sideways glance to Ranboo, the enderian nodding slowly. Tommy rolled his eyes, tongue sticking out at the domestic display.

“Yeah, exactly...!” Ranboo smiled, his tail flicking happily. “We care about you, and...we wanted to spend some more time with you!”

Tommy snorted, tilting his head to the side, huffing some hair out of his face. “Jeez- when did you two get so sappy?” He laughed, snatching a sandwich out of Tubbo’s hands, causing the hybrid to turn quickly, tackling the taller to the ground.

“You bitch- give me back my sandwich!”

Tommy cackled, pushing Tubbo back with his hand. “No way! This is mine now!” The teen laughed, taking a large bite, further provoking the shorter to continue attempting to throttle him. Ranboo sighed, leaning his head back against the tree as he watched the two of them tackle each other, soon developing into shouts and laughs as they began to roll down the hill, catching themselves against a tree.

“Are you dead?” Ranboo called down, not moving from his spot.

“Come down here and help us!” Tubbo called, his voice still catching on laughter.

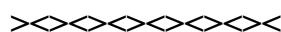
The enderian rolled his eyes, slowly starting to amble down the hill, to where his husband and (hopefully) soon-to-be husband lay in a mangled heap, Tommy’s head still tossed back, laughing loudly.

As he helped the two of them up, both Ranboo and Tubbo shared both a happy and relieved look at how relaxed the other looked, his tail wagging and eyes bright as he ran back up the hill.

“Come on bitches! Otherwise I’m gonna eat everything!”

Tubbo pushed Ranboo aside as he ran back up the hill. “No way! Get your ass back here big man!”

Ranboo just shook his head lovingly, calmly walking back up before sitting back down.



Tommy laughed as he walked back to the town with the two of them, the sun slowly starting to come down, bathing the village in gentle oranges and golds.

“That was fun! You two do that all the time?” He looked back at the husbands, eyes shining.

Ranboo shrugged. “When we found the time to, which is more often nowadays being here...” Tubbo grinned (though there was a strange glint to it Tommy wasn’t used to seeing), as he punched the blonde’s arm playfully.

“ *Well* , you’re welcome to join us on dates if you like!” Tommy blinked a couple moments, seeming to process words as the other two waited hopefully. Soon, the raccoon hybrid grinned, laughing.

“Sure! Third wheeling wasn’t so bad!” His ears twitched, tensing up. “Shit- evening patrol. Peace out bitches!” Tommy waved, racing off. Tubbo huffed.

“Well- for a moment there I thought it was working.” Tubbo huffed. Ranboo smiled.

“Does that mean we can try *my* idea next?”

“Ugh, *fine* .” Tubbo huffed, following his husband back to their home. “But I don’t see how that will work better than my glorious date time idea.”

Ranboo raised an eyebrow, chuckling quietly as Tubbo sauntered ahead. “Well your idea didn’t work in the slightest.”

“Tommy’s just thick.” Tubbo retorted. “It’s why you two get along.”

“Wha-” Ranboo’s ears flicked up, hitting his husband on the back of the head. “I am not thick! I was the one who proposed to you!”

“ *Yeah* , after I dropped hint after hint.” He smirked, poking his tongue out. The enderian rolled his eyes, walking ahead into their house.

Sure, their first plan didn’t work very well, but they’d get their point across.

Hopefully.

Chapter End Notes

Oblivious Tommy my beloved. What is Ranboo's plan? And will it work? Find out next time XD

Also hey! You want to know when updates are gonna be for this fic? Or perhaps u wanna see updates and releases of other Aphmau fics or crossover fics from me? Join the discord! Link: <https://discord.gg/XRVHw9UT>

Hope to see you here! Either way, enjoy and I'll see you next time <333

The Scheme PT. 2 (Feat. Michael, the Secret Weapon)

Chapter Summary

Ranboo and Tubbo continue their plan to try and get their point across to Tommy, this time using their secret weapon; Michael the zombie piglin toddler.

But will it be enough?

Chapter Notes

ITS HERE!!! IT'S FINALLY HERE!!! I am- so fucking sorry about the lack of updates!! Life is awful and has had me have a severe lack of writing desire. But it's back, and hopefully, HOPEFULLY, I don't loose this again.

Hopefully you guys enjoy, and didn't think this was abandoned. I'm so sorry for the lack of updates. These chapters, including ones Brownie tends to help with may end up being primarily me, as Brownie is in University and isn't available to write as much as she used to be. But hopefully she can still help me.

Enjoy this chapter!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo grumbled as he wandered up the hill, his arms folded. He was not happy about this by any means, but- Ranboo had a point.

His plan, brilliant and fool-proof as it was, had failed. Course, he hadn't relied on Tommy being as dense as a bloody *rock*, but his plan had been brilliant. And honestly- if his genius idea hadn't worked, how on earth was Ranboo's going to?

Nevertheless, he knocked on the door, chuckling at the small blonde and brown heads of hair that belonged to Tommy's younger brothers. Tubbo gave a small smile; they really *were* a lot like he and Tommy when they were kids (that is, if Malachi had ram features).

"Hi Tubbo." Malachi smiled politely, still holding his brother's hand. He nudged his brother, who immediately started climbing back up the stairs.

"Heya bossman," Tubbo smiled, ruffling the boy's hair as he walked in. Zoey stood in the kitchen, her blue eyes shining as she looked out.

“Ah, morning Tubbo! Are you looking for Tommy?”

Tubbo smiled, nodding briefly. “Yeah, I was wondering if he had any training today. Ranboo needs his help today.”

Zoey hummed in response, tilting her head from side to side. “I don’t believe so. Is everything alright?” Her eyes glittered with concern, a certain warmth blooming in the teen’s chest. He liked Zoey, always looking as worried over him and Ranboo as she and her wife were over their three boys.

“Yeah! Everything’s fine. I just remember Katelyn was going to be teaching me and while getting used to the new house, Michael has decided to be as gremlin as possible.” *At least I’m not entirely lying*, Tubbo mused. Katelyn had been helping him lately. Her fighting practices made it easy for him to adjust, or- at the very least *easier*. He was able to let out his frustrations and fears, and he was able to learn how to protect his family without the scent of heating redstone and coals, of sweat and heat before heading out into the blistering cold of Snowchester.

Instead, he came home through the cool wind and opened a door to a happy home; Michael squealing happily for his other dad, Ranboo smiling as he eagerly recounted his mif’wa lessons with Kawaii~Chan.

It made everything worth it.

Zoey nodded, smiling slightly. “Give me a moment then.” The elf turned, heading upstairs. Not long after, Tommy raced down the stairs, only *just* managing to stop himself from slamming into his *much* shorter friend (his fae *Clementine* was doing her best to cling to Tommy’s shoulder with the sudden movement, swatting his head when he stopped).

“Bossman!” Tommy beamed, blue eyes shining. “What’s going on?!”

Tubbo smiled, scratching the scarring on his face for a few moments. “Hi Tommy- I came to ask for some help.’ When Tommy tilted his head, Tubbo saw that as his chance to continue, ‘Katelyn said she was going to be helping teach me more today, and Michael’s been more chaotic than usual getting used to the new house, so I was wondering if you could-...maybe surprise Ranboo by helping him today?”

Tommy sighed dramatically, leaning his head back, though Tubbo could see the glint in his eyes. “I supooooooose...if Ranboo *really* needs my babysitting talents, I may as well.”

Tubbo grinned, clapping him on the shoulder. “Thanks big man! Now I gotta go!” The ram hybrid gave a wave to Zoey, before heading down to the town, grinning to himself.

Maybe this *would* work.

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Ranboo's ears twitched as he heard the door knock a few times, letting Michael sit on the wool carpet with his toys he'd been given from the blonde werewolf merchant in town. Smiling, he moved over to the door quickly. And just as he expected, Tommy stood at the entrance, grinning.

"Hey boob boy!" Ranboo rolled his eyes at Tommy's nickname. It was moments like that that made him regret this decision of his and Tubbo's. But those thoughts never lasted long, nor were they ever really genuine.

"Hi Tommy." At the mention of Tommy's name, the three-year-old immediately perked up, pushing his small body up onto his hooves, trotting over quickly to the boy. Tommy's eyes glistened, pushing past the enderian to lift the zombie piglin into his arms, tail wagging. Ranboo chuckled, tail flicking happily as he closed the door.

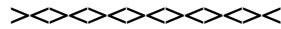
"Hey there little bossman!" Tommy laughed, lifting the piglin up. Michael squealed in delight, placing his hands on the teen's face, before he was distracted by *Clementine*, trying to pull at the fae (thankfully, the fae shifted back to a moth, flying out of the baby's ironclad grip distance). "We're gonna be having some fun! Bet all you needed to calm down was the big man himself huh?" Michael squealed happily, giggling, and Ranboo chuckled.

"Thanks for this," The enderian smiled as he walked over, green and red eyes shining thankfully. "It's been easy so far getting used to the new home, but Michael's been-...a little bit restless." Tommy put the piglin down, letting him trot over back to his toys, giggling and talking to himself in the speech he'd learned, both piglin naturally, and English from his dads.

"Pssh- it's nothing!" Tommy chuckled, hair bouncing with his energetic movements. "I'm Tommy Innit! I can help look after Michael with one hand tied behind my back! I look after my younger brothers all the time!"

"Tommy Michael just left the living room."

"Wha- oh shit- Michael! Get back here!"



Tommy sighed as he leaned back on the couch, watching Ranboo open his eyes from the meditations he knew Kawaii~Chan helped the newly discovered hybrid with. His eyes went from purple back to their normal heterochromatic hues, and he smiled.

“How’s Michael? Sorry about that-...” Tommy’s eyes softened, and he waved a hand nonchalantly.

“He’s fine! He’s napping right now, but I managed to feed him myself! Zoey’s been- *trying* to teach me how to cook, and I can make scrambled eggs!” He puffed out his chest, and Ranboo snorted. He’d heard from Niki (he hoped the pink-haired woman was okay under Dream’s new regime-) tale upon tale about Tommy’s lack of cooking and baking skills, almost burning down her bakery at least 3 times before she’d banned him from touching any appliances.

He’d be a fool to overlook the way her eyes would always go distant, remembering the boy whose eyes always shone with a fervorous excitement, and a laugh so infectious you couldn’t help but laugh along with him, whatever the situation.

He wished there was a way he could tell her Tommy was okay. That he was alive, and even better- happy.

He was so caught up in the thoughts of the past, he hadn’t been listening to Tommy continue talking, unaware of the guard apprentice’s presence til he clapped in Ranboo’s face, earning a very noticeable jump in return.

“Dear XD ‘boo!” Tommy huffed with a laugh. “Where were you?”

“Sorry-” Ranboo rubbed the back of his neck with one of his signature nervous smiles- “I was just thinking about stuff.” He shook his head, focusing back on the presence. He moved carefully up to Michael’s room, checking on him before heading back down to his friend, (and future husband, if luck- and Tommy’s idiocy failing- would have it) and sitting on the couch beside him.

It was time to try and put his plan back into action.

“Michael really enjoys your company,” He smiled. Tommy huffed, going red in embarrassment, slinking down.

“Yeah well- I guess he’s not so bad-” Tommy gave a brief smile. Despite the teen’s somewhat stubborn attitude, it was no secret to basically everyone that the piglin adored Tommy, and Tommy adored him in turn.

Ranboo chuckled. He needed to go a step further.

“I mean- he adores you. No doubt with the fact that he always calls you ‘mom’ whenever you’re mentioned.”

“Well obviously! He can’t say Tom clearly!” Tommy puffed out his chest with a laugh. “But that’s fine! I’ll just be good ole Mother-innit!” Tommy kept laughing as he flopped on Ranboo, cackling loudly.

He was so caught in his laughter, he didn’t notice the silent frustration in Ranboo’s face, ears flat as he rolled his eyes.

Mother-innit? More like oblivious-innit, Ranboo huffed, but he took a look at the laughing teen, and that annoyance at another plan seeming to fail subsided, and he found himself laughing along with him.

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Tubbo grinned victoriously as Ranboo helped feed Michael dinner that night. He’d gotten back in time to say goodbye to Tommy, and since the boy left, the grin hadn’t left his face. Ranboo glared at him, huffing.

“Don’t you say a damn word.”

“What?~” Tubbo laughed innocently, swinging his feet as he sat on the chair, digging into the food his husband had cooked. “I ‘idn’t say nothing!”

Ranboo made a disgusted face at the teen talking while eating. “You know what I mean.” Ranboo huffed in annoyance, wiping some food from the edge of Michael’s mouth. “I wasn’t counting on Michael’s charm not working.”

“When Tom-” Ranboo glared at the hybrid, then at his food, and Tubbo stopped talking until he finished eating- “When Tommy isn’t seeing something, nothing is going to hit his head.” He waved a scarred hand in front of his face. “There’s nothing up there, *nothing*.”

Ranboo sighed, sitting back in the chair once Michael was eating on his own, shaking his head. "I just—" He groaned loudly- "How hard is this? Why can't we just straight up ask him?"

"You really think that would work?" Tubbo raised an eyebrow. "I know my friend- if we told him straight up, he'd stop functioning and ignore the question." He chuckled, shaking his head. "Trust me 'boo, it wouldn't work that easily."

He huffed, leaning his head on his hand. "We just need to try harder. Is there anything else we could try? Maybe get his moms in on it? Or the guards? What's his name- Aaron?"

"Are you suggesting we get help from Aaron?" Ranboo smiled proudly. He knew Tubbo had a...not a dislike, but a distrust of the werewolf. Not for who or what he was, but because he couldn't help but see those stronger that had always betrayed and abandoned Tommy, over and over and over again.

Tubbo looked aside- sighing. "Yeah yeah- I know...but I mean- they'd be willing to help... maybe it wouldn't be so bad to maybe ask some."

Ranboo smiled softly. "We can talk to his parents tomorrow." Tubbo chuckled, and nodded.

"Right." He looked aside, doubt covering his features. "Ran...we're...we're not trying for a lost cause are we?" Ranboo smiled at his partner, leaning head on his and letting out a purr.

"It'll be fine bee." Tubbo relaxed at the nickname.

“It’ll all work out.”

Chapter End Notes

Tommy is just- oblivious incarnate XD

Don't worry- there's about-...one more chapter of this scheme, will it pay off? Find out next time! See you next time guys, I've updated discord links so hopefully they work, but if not let me know please! See you next time!

Author's Note

Chapter Summary

An update on the status of this fic

Hey guys! StoryWarrior here! One of the two authors for this fic. It's- definitely been a while.

I wanted to give a quick update on the status of this fic. Nobody needs to worry, this fic **isn't** going anywhere. I love what my friend and I created with the lore too much to ever just-discontinue it. The reason it's gone so long without updates is- mainly because of real life. My co-author is busy at university, which means I don't have them available to beta write all the time like I usually did, and I have both a job and so much other stuff going on (adulting is hard).

Another problem is writer's block. I've always struggled with copious amounts of writer's block, but I'm hoping with some other friends I write stories with dragging me in to properly write I should be able to get out of this funk and get back to the fic writing. My writer's block always tends to last for months at a time, or in this case, almost a year XD.

I feel extremely bad that it's been so long without an update, but rest assured I don't plan on abandoning THIS fic. It's just...gone on an indefinite hiatus. I just wanted to give a status update. I apologise for everyone that has been left in the dark for so long.

So yes, rest assured that this isn't the end of the fic, it's simply an indefinite hiatus until I can properly start writing again. Take care everyone, and I'll see you around next time.

New Discord Link

Hey! Brownie here, A new link to the discord! Come chat and occasionally watch me and Story stream games (usually Story, and this is rare since Story's work schedule has picked up)

<https://discord.gg/DJwsPCHEJF>

This is shouldn't expire, but let me know if it does.

End Notes

Kudos/Comments are appreciated! <3

We have a discord! For both this series use and other stuff; <https://discord.gg/DJwsPCHEJF>

The first fic has a spotify playlist (this one will get one too);
<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2MLGGLyj5jGXiGFXyCGkC1?si=74c5f6bd78d74bb7>

Enjoy this story lovelies <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!